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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reading so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Overton G. Langley will observe the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage next Friday, February 1st. There will be no formal entertainment but those of their friends that care to drop in during the day will be welcomed by host and hostess.

On February 14, 1857, Miss Kate Fisher Draper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Draper, was united in marriage to Mr. Overton G. Langley, by Rev. Henry Jackson, then pastor of the Central Baptist Church. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Rev. Mr. Jackson on Thames street, the building now being occupied by the Mount Olivet Baptist Church. The young couple had intended to have a very quiet wedding but the clergyman dropped a quiet hint to the members of the congregation and at the appointed hour, after the close of the regular service in the church, the young people were surprised by a large gathering of their friends to witness the ceremony.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Langley have a host of friends in Newport. Mr. Langley was for many years engaged in business as a member of the well known firm of Langley & Sharpe, but some years ago sold out his interest and for a time retired from business. Finding permanent retirement too trying for one of his active temperament he afterward entered the employ of the Old Colony Steamboat Company, by whom he is still engaged. He is a member and active worker in the local Masonic bodies and is a Past Master of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., Past High Priest of Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., and Past Commander of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.

The couple have one son, Mr. Richard Dunham Langley, who fills a responsible position as electrical inspector for the board of underwriters in New York.

Eastern Star Whist.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, gave a whist to the members and their friends in Masonic Hall Wednesday evening and despite the extreme cold weather there was a good attendance. Whist was played for over two hours and at the finish the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Mr. Henry Erickson and Mrs. William D. Tew; second, Mr. William Stevens and Mrs. E. A. G. Smith; third, Mr. Coomer A. Eustadbrook and Mrs. Herbert Bliss; fourth, Mr. Petersen and Mrs. William Gosling; fifth, Mr. William D. Tew and Mrs. Frank M. Lawton.

Refreshments were served during the evening.

Natural History Society.

Last Monday evening there was a very admirable and interesting lecture delivered at the Museum, by the Rev. W. G. Cassard, U. S. Consul, on the Philippine Islands and their inhabitants. Besides a description of the topographical, climatic, and general features of the country districts on the chief islands, he spoke especially of the anthropological traits to be seen in the mixed races scattered throughout the islands. They are an easy going, lazy people, drowsing work. Their education for years ought to be in the industrial direction, not in the literary line. We have a most difficult problem before us, to make them capable of self government.

Among the nurses who graduated from the Bellevue Hospital in New York on Tuesday were Miss Annie Wilcox and Miss Katherine O'Connell of this city.

Mrs. Woodbury Kane will spend the winter in Aiken, S. C.

At the City Hall.

The board of aldermen met on Tuesday evening for the purpose of opening bids and assigning contracts for furnishing various kinds of supplies to the city during the year. The board had previously advertised for proposals for receiving the city deposits, for furnishing paving gravel for the highway department, and for curbing stone from the stone quarry. A number of bids were received and these were opened Tuesday evening.

Four bids submitted bids for receiving the city deposits and paying the city checks, and the Newport Trust Company was awarded the contract for \$2,252. The other bidders were Aquidneck National Bank, \$2,125; National Exchange Bank, \$2,055; and the Newport National Bank, \$181.14. The amount paid for the use of the city funds is unusually large this year as the competition was very sharp. Most banks regard the handling of the city money as a good advertisement, in addition to the use of the money.

The lowest bidder for furnishing paving gravel was P. H. Welch who was given the contract at 55 cents a ton. The other bids were James J. Dugan, 69 cents; J. K. Sullivan, 71 cents. John H. Sullivan was given the contract for curbing stone from the quarry at 40 cents per ton for the two upper districts and 38 cents per ton for the lower district. He was the only bidder.

Among the business received from the old city council was the petition of W. S. Wells in regard to reimbursement for the cost of the extension to his wall in connection with the widening of Coggeshall avenue. The petition was laid on the table. A communication from Augustus Springett, asking to be appointed a police constable, was referred to the police commission. The claim of Richard J. Lawton for damages by dogs, amounting to \$11.20, was ordered paid.

The city solicitor was directed to draw up an amendment to the dog law and present the same to the General Assembly whereby the city of Newport will be relieved from paying the greater part of the damages done by dogs in the towns on the island.

The committee of 25 from the representative council, to whom is entrusted the duty of preparing the budget for the year, are hard at work and will soon have their report ready for distribution to the taxpayers. At the last meeting of the committee sub-committees were appointed for the most important departments, and these committees have been in close consultation with the officials of the various departments in order to get an intelligent idea of the demands for the year. It seems likely that the committee will be in a position to give to the council a clear and lucid explanation of every item in the budget, something that has long been desired by the people of Newport.

The new charter requires that when the budget is prepared by the committee of 25 it shall be printed and mailed to every taxpayer of the city at least seven days before the meeting of the representative council. In the office of City Clerk David Stevens preparations are now being made to rush the distribution of this report as soon as it is ready. Large official envelopes have been procured and the office force is now engaged in the task of directing them to have them in readiness for the report. A rather novel method has been adopted to address the more than 3000 envelopes required for this purpose. The voting lists have been backed with a coating of gum arabic, and after this dries sufficiently the list is cut up, each slip is moistened and attached to the envelope, which is then ready for stamping.

The representative council will probably meet early in February to receive the report of the committee of 25 on the annual appropriations.

Professor H. I. Wheeler, director of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Kingston, was the speaker at the regular meeting of the Newport Horticultural Society in Mercury Hall on Tuesday evening. His subject was "Soda in its Relation to Plant Life." As this is a subject which has long been in dispute among leading growers, Prof. Wheeler's remarks were of much interest. He told of the experiments with soda that have been carried on at the station since 1891, the result being that it had been proved that soda is of value to beets, turnips, radishes and similar crops, but of very little value to anything else. He then told of the best conditions for the use of soda in connection with these vegetables, and afterward answered a number of questions propounded by the audience. There was a good attendance and much interest was taken in the lecture.

At 5:58 Tuesday afternoon a still alarm was rung in for a chimney fire at the residence of Mrs. Zabriskie, on Rhode Island Avenue.

Mr. William H. King has been confined to his home by illness.

A Midnight Fire.

By a fire that originated in the restaurant of J. T. Allen & Co. early Friday morning, their place of business was entirely gutted, the rear end of the building completely burned away, and the Lawrence Club on the upper floor was badly damaged by smoke and water. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

It was a little after half past twelve o'clock Friday morning when two men who were sleeping upstairs ran down and told Mr. Allen that the building was on fire. A glance into the kitchen disclosed a mass of smoke and flame, and an alarm was immediately rung in from Box 3 at the corner of Long wharf.

When the department responded the flames were pouring out from the rear of the building and climbing high into the air. It was a hard fight for the firemen in the bitter cold weather but by pouring on plenty of water the fire was finally got under control, but not before the rear end had been entirely destroyed and the restaurant completely gutted. Before the fire got into the front part all the movable contents of the restaurant were carried out into the street.

The flames worked their way into the Lawrence Club rooms on the upper floors, and these were considerably damaged, more however by smoke and water than by fire.

Although for a time the fire looked dangerous for adjoining buildings, the large amount of apparatus that responds to the first alarm from Box 3 made it unnecessary to sound a second alarm. The surrounding buildings were kept wet while there was any danger and none of them were damaged. The guests at the Perry House rose and dressed but there was not the least necessity for them to leave their rooms and they soon retired again.

The fire apparently originated around the range in the kitchen. When first discovered the kitchen was a mass of smoke and flame and more damage was done there than anywhere else.

The cold night kept away some people who generally respond to the striking of this box in the heart of the business district but still there was quite a crowd about the fire.

Accident to Providence.

The new steamer Providence of the New England Transportation Company met with a slight accident in the bay on Sunday but no serious damage was done. The Providence was due to leave New York for Newport and Fall River Saturday afternoon, but owing to the dense fog she did not sail until daylight Sunday morning, reaching Newport a little before five o'clock, Sunday afternoon. After landing most of her passengers here, where a special train was in readiness to take them to Boston, the Providence started for Fall River. After passing the Training Station one of her tiller brackets bent, and the tiller rope parted. She lay to and a message was sent to Newport for assistance. A force of men was sent out from the repair shops and she was able to proceed to Fall River to unload her freight. The Sunday night trip to New York had to be omitted.

An attachment was placed on "Harrowview," the summer residence of Mrs. Francis O. French on Harriston avenue, on Monday, in a suit for \$10,000 damages brought by Miss Hilda Rika Oberg. It is alleged that in December Miss Oberg was attacked by three large dogs, owned by Mrs. French, on Harriston avenue, and was taken to the hospital. She was made a nervous wreck from the fright, and has not fully recovered from the shock. The writ in the suit is returnable in the superior court February 9. Mrs. French is now in Europe.

About 40 young people enjoyed a hot social in the parlors of the First Presbyterian Church Monday evening, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Charles E. Morrison and Miss Anna Alger and Mr. Alfred Compton and Miss Annie Goddard Bullock. Games were played, followed by music and refreshments. The evening was in charge of the social committee, consisting of Miss Sadie Neff, Miss Matlo McManan and Mr. Alfred Compton.

Rev. Aquila Webb, Ph. D., has invited the members of Charles E. Lawton Post and Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., to attend service at the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow (Sunday) morning, when he will preach a sermon commemorative of the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of the late President William McKinley, the anniversary occurring Tuesday, January 29.

Mrs. James J. Rooney has been removed from the Newport Hospital to her home on Red Cross avenue, much improved in health.

Mr. Harry A. Titus has returned from a business trip in the West.

Winter Weather.

The weather during the past week has been decidedly changeable and during the latter part has been very winterish. With the thermometer well below zero the ice men have begun to have prospects of getting in a crop, and the coal men have watched their diminishing coal stocks with considerable anxiety.

Last Sunday was very soft and damp and there was a dense fog on the water. Sunday night and Monday saw wild times at sea, the waves running frightfully high. Many disasters were reported during the storm. On Tuesday a snow storm began and by noon considerable snow had formed on the ground, but by that time it had warmed up and the precipitation changed to rain, washing away the accumulated snow.

It turned cold Tuesday night after the rain ceased and froze the water on the streets and sidewalks, making bad traveling for man or beast until the street department distributed sand in the worst places on Wednesday. It continued cold all day Wednesday and in the afternoon the temperature fell quite rapidly, giving promise of a very cold night. The promise was completely fulfilled for it was the coldest of the winter. When householders arose Thursday morning and stirred up the flues they gave an extra shiver after looking at the thermometer which registered from two to six below zero. It was a very uncomfortable day to be out and there was no unnecessary promiscuous during the forenoon.

The weather bureau had given warning of the coming cold spell so people were not caught unprepared and there were comparatively few frozen water pipes or other damage by the cold. The shipping that passed through the harbor looked pretty well loaded up, and one tug in particular that had been battling with the seas off Cape Cod passed through the bay on Wednesday a mass of ice from bow to stern.

The skating on the ponds is very good, and many young people have taken advantage of the opportunity to freshen up their skill on the ice. If the present cold snap continues it will be thick enough in a few days to induce the companies to begin cutting. Last winter there was no ice out in Newport and it looked for a time as if this season might duplicate the experience of last. But the winter is by no means over yet.

Had it not been for the snow storm that began on Friday the Arctic Ice Company would have started to cut yesterday.

Miss Ruth Potter Almy and Elnathan C. Brownell of New Bedford, Mass., were married Tuesday afternoon at the residence of William Almy, in New Bedford. The wedding was very quiet, only the immediate family being in attendance. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. C. Joffe. Mr. and Mrs. Brownell left later in the day on a wedding trip to Boston and New York. On their return they will reside at 368 Court street. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts. She is well known in Newport, where she has been a frequent visitor for many years. Mr. Brownell is one of New Bedford's leading business men, being proprietor of the New Bedford Public Market.

Rev. Aquila Webb, Ph. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was the principal speaker at the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns by the St. Andrew's Society on Friday evening. There was an excellent program of music by some of the leading amateur entertainers of the city.

Mr. John Austin Stevens observed the eightieth anniversary of his birth at his home in this city on Monday. He had prepared an original poem for the occasion which was much appreciated by his guests.

It is not expected that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt will return to this country until the early summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss De Stackpole to Mr. Isaac Bell. Mr. Bell is a nephew of Mr. James Gordon Bennett.

Mr. George M. Slade, who has been seriously ill at his home on Ayrault street, is reported as being more comfortable.

Mr. Seymour Tilley, son of Mr. Thomas B. Tilley, is ill with pneumonia at the Newport Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Sanbury, Jr., have been entertaining Mr. Frederick M. Smythe of New York.

Street Commissioner and Mrs. J. K. Sullivan have been in New York the past week.

Hon. Melville Ball is in New York. He will shortly go South for an extended stay.

Wedding Bells.

Silberger-Schreier.

Warren Post hall was the scene of a pretty wedding Sunday noon when Miss Sara Schreier, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schreier, was married to Mr. Samuel Silberger, of Norfolk, Va. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, formerly of this city, but now of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue of New York, assisted by Rev. B. H. Rosegaard of Touro Synagogue. The ceremony, which was according to the strict orthodox faith of the Jewish Church, was performed under a canopy, draped in white, with a luxuriant arrangement of flowers.

The bride looked charming in a handsome gown of white embroidered chiffon over white silk, trimmed with sprays of orange blossoms. Her veil was caught up with orange blossoms and she had a short veil over her face. She carried a bridal Bible of white moire silk, embroidered in gold. The bride was attended by her mother and her grandmother.

Miss Rida Schreier was the maid of honor, being prettily dressed in a princess gown of lace and chiffon over white silk, studded with opals. She wore a picture hat of pale blue and carried a bouquet of tea roses.

Mrs. Schreier, the mother of the bride, wore a handsome lace gown trimmed with beaded jets and white renaisance lace, and a toque of maline trimmed with white.

The bride's grandmother, Mrs. Cass, wore a muslin gown over black silk trimmed with black jet and black and white Edgar lace.

Mrs. Badnelly, the younger sister of the bride, wore a princess gown of champagne laces and was headed with amber over champagne color silk, trimmed with canary velvet, and elany lace and wore a picture hat to match, trimmed with white plumes.

The father of the bride, Mr. Eugene Schreier, and the brother, Mr. Alfred Schreier, were the groom's attendants.

A lunch was served in the upper hall and addresses were made by many of those present, Dr. Mendes acting as toast master.

After the lunch and reception, the bridal couple were given a drive about the city in a carriage under conspicuous by its gaily decorations. Other carriages, containing guests at the wedding, followed the young couple on their drive.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful, useful and costly gifts, coming from friends far and near.

Mr. and Mrs. Silberger left later in the day on a wedding trip to Boston, Niagara Falls, Cincinnati and Washington. They will reside in Norfolk, Va.

After the departure of the bridal couple the guests returned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Schreier, where a social time was enjoyed.

An old fashioned revival is now in progress at Touro Chapel, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Thomas. The old time songs are sung with gusto and those who take part are apparently very much in earnest. The attendance at all the meetings has been large, and the inclement weather has had no appreciable effect.

A number of tugs and other craft have been storm-bound in Newport harbor this week. The weather outside has been very rough indeed and few vessels ventured out until after the wind shifted to the northwest. During the early part of the week the seas off Point Judith were the highest that have been seen for a long time.

Darling & Slade of Fall River have been awarded the contract for the addition to the postoffice building recently authorized by act of Congress. The amount of their bid was \$15,835. The work is to be finished by next fall according to the contract, but it is hoped that it will be in condition to use during the summer rush.

At the regular meeting of Ocean Lodge, No. 7, A. O. U. W., the newly-elected officers were installed by Grand Master Workman Clifford D. White of Providence, assisted by Past Master Workman Otis B. Graham. A collation and social followed.

Members of the Newport fire department have presented a purse of \$100 to the Newport Hospital in acknowledgment of the many favors received from that institution. The money is to be applied to the general fund of the hospital.

Mr. Albert L. Chase, the veteran town clerk of Middletown, is confined to his bed with a severe cold and is under the care of a physician. For the first time in nine years, he was unable to attend the council meeting last Monday.

Mr. John Gilpin was able to be out the past week, having been housed for some time by an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. John W. Covell has gone to the West Indies on his vacation.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. D. C. Easton.

Rev. Daniel C. Easton of Rockport, Mass., died suddenly Sunday evening at Chitopee, Mass., where he was supplying the pulpit of the Baptist church. He preached during the day and seemed in his usual good health. He was stricken ill shortly after the evening service began and death followed shortly.

Rev. Mr. Easton was formerly pastor of the Baptist Church at Valley Falls, R. I. He was 67 years of age and leaves a widow and two sons, one of whom, Dr. Charles D. Easton, has recently come to Newport to establish a practice.

The body was brought to this city and funeral services held from the residence of his son, Dr. Easton, on Mill street, Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Charles A. G. Thurston of Boston officiated, assisted by Rev. George W. Quick, D. D., of this city. Members from General G. K. Warren Post, Charles E. Lawton and the Old Fellows were present, the deceased having been a member of these organizations. Mr. George A. Pritchard sang "Nearer My God to Thee." The bearers were Noble Grand James M. Pate and Vice Grand Albert J. Russell of Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Past Department Commander Andrew K. McMahon and Junior Vice Commander William O. Milne of the Grand Army. The interment was in the Brimman cemetery.

George A. Sayer.

George A. Sayer, who died in Providence on Tuesday, was a native of this city, being the son of Laura and the late Benjamin Sayer. At an early age his parents removed to Providence. He learned the wood turning trade and after working in Providence for a while started for Denver, Col., where he lived for some time. While at the latter place he married Miss Lavan P. Wheeler and later they returned to Providence. Mr. Sayer became foreman of Cleveland Brothers' planing mill, which he afterwards purchased, conducting business under the name of George A. Sayer & Son up to the time of his death.

Mr. Sayer was a member of What Cheer Lodge and Calvary Commandery, A. F. & A. M.; the Royal Arcanum, and up to a year ago of the Odd Fellows. He was a member of the Mathewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

He is survived by a mother, two sisters and two brothers, and also one son and two daughters, Byron V., who succeeds him in business, Inez V. and Lavan W., and a widow.

Henry L. Allen.

Mr. Henry L. Allen died in Indianapolis, Ind., Wednesday after an illness of five days from smallpox and pneumonia. His death was entirely unexpected and came as a severe shock to his relatives and friends in this city. Mr. Allen had for a number of years been associated with his brother, Mr. James T. Allen, in the restaurant business at the Touro Dining Rooms. Last fall he left Newport for the West, locating in Indianapolis, where he was engaged in the same business. He was taken ill last Saturday.

A widow survives him, who is also ill at Indianapolis.

Mr. Allen was a member of Stone Mill Lodge of Masons and of Canaan Lodge of Odd Fellows of this city.

At a special meeting of the school committee on Tuesday evening Mrs. Harriet S. Downing of Coddington I was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Merrill of Coggeshall III, and Miss Grace E. Constock was elected to succeed Mrs. Downing in the Coddington at a salary of \$400.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Bradford celebrated her eightieth birthday on Wednesday at her home on Broadway where she received the congratulations of her many friends. She was the recipient of many pretty gifts and was enjoying excellent health.

Professor Thomas Crosby of Brown University gave readings from Hamlet before the Unity Club on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance and the excellence of the reading was much appreciated.

Among those received by the Emperor and Empress of Germany at their annual reception held in the Imperial palace in Berlin Tuesday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symes Lehr and Mrs. John R. Drexler.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on Thursday evening when officers were elected for the ensuing year. The annual meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary was held in the afternoon.

Two deserters who escaped from a private detective in Fall River were arrested here Tuesday night by Officer Newton and turned over to the authorities at the Training Station.

The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXI.

ON the same day that Chilcote had parted with Lillian—but at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—Loder, dressed in Chilcote's clothes and with Chilcote's heavy overcoat slung over his arm, walked from Fleet street to Grosvenor square. He walked slowly, neither slowly nor yet fast. The action of his last journey over the same ground was tempered by feelings he could not satisfactorily bracket even to himself. There was less of vehemence in action and more of matured determination in his gait and bearing than there had been on that night, though the incidents of which they were the outcome were very complex.

On reaching Chilcote's house he passed upstairs, but still following the routine of his previous return, he did not halt at Chilcote's door, but moved onward toward Eve's sitting room and there paused.

In that pause his numberless irregular thoughts faced into one. He had the same undefined sense of standing upon sacred ground that had touched him on the previous occasion, but the outcome of the sensation was different. This time he raised his hand almost immediately and tapped on the door.

He waited, but no voice responded to his knock. With a sense of disappointment he knocked again; then, pressing his determination still further, he turned the handle and entered the room.

No private room is without meaning, whether trivial or the reverse. In a room perhaps more even than in speech, in look or in work does the impress of the individual make itself felt. There up the wax of outer things the inner self imprints its seal, enforces its feeling claim to separate individuality. This thought, with its arresting interest, made Loder walk slowly, almost seriously, halfway across the room and then pause to study his surroundings.

The room was of medium size—not too large for comfort and not too small for ample space. At a first impression it struck him as unlike any anticipation of a woman's sanctum. The walls paneled in dark wood, the richly bound books, the beautifully designed bronze ornaments, even the flowers, deep crimson and violet blue in tone, had an air of stately dignity that was scarcely feminine. With a strangely pleasant impression he realized this, and, following his habitual impulse, moved slowly forward toward the fireplace and there paused, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

He had scarcely settled comfortably into his position, scarcely entered on his second and more comprehensive study of the place, than the arrangement of his mind was altered by the turning of the handle and the opening of the door.

The newcomer was Eve herself. She was dressed in outdoor clothes and walked into the room quickly; then, as Loder had done, she, too, paused.

The gesture, so natural and spontaneous, had a peculiar attraction. As she glanced up at him, her face alight with inquiry, she seemed extraordinarily much the owner and designer of her surroundings. She was framed by them as naturally and effectively as her eyes and her face were framed by her black hair. For one moment he forgot that his presence demanded explanation; the next she had made explanation needless. She had been looking at him intently; now she came forward slowly.

"John," she said, half in appeal, half in question.

He took a step toward her. "Look at me," he said quietly and involuntarily. In the sharp desire to establish himself in her regard he forgot that her eyes had never left his face.

But the incongruity of the words did not strike her. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I believe I knew directly I saw you here." The quick ring of life vibrating in her tone surprised him. But he had other thoughts more urgent than surprise.

In the five days of banishment just lived through the need for a readjustment of his position with regard to her had come to him forcibly. The memory of the night when weakness and he had been at perilously close quarters had returned to him persistently and uncomfortably, spilling the remembrance of his triumph. It had been well enough to smother the thought of that night in days of work, but had the knowing of it blotted out the weakness? Had it not rather thrown it into bolder relief? A man strong in his own strength does not turn his back upon temptation. He faces and quells it. In the solitary days in Chilcote's inn, in the solitary night hours spent in tramping the city streets, this had been the conviction that had returned again and again, the problem to which, after much consideration, he had found a solution, satisfactory at least to himself. When next Chilcote called him— "It was notable that he had used the word 'when' and not 'if.' When next Chilcote called him he would make a new departure. He would no longer avoid Eve. He would successfully prove to himself that one interest and one alone filled his mind—the pursuit of Chilcote's political career. So does man satisfactorily conquer himself against himself. He had the conviction fully in mind as he came forward now.

As he said slowly, "Has it been so long that I have faith these last five days?" It was not precisely the tone he had meant to adopt, but one must begin somewhere.

He turned at his words. Her eyes were brimming with life, her cheeks still flushed to a deep, soft color by the memory of the windy air.

"No," she answered, with a shy, responsive touch of confidence. "I seemed to keep on believing. You know converts make the best devotees." She laughed with slight embarrassment and glanced up at him. Something in the blue of her eyes reminded him unexpectedly of spring skies—full of youth and promise.

He moved abruptly and crossed the room toward the window. "Eve," he said, without looking around, "I want your help."

He heard the faint rustling of her dress as she turned toward him, and he knew that he had struck the right chord. All true women respond to an appeal for aid as steel answers to the magnet. He could feel her expectancy in the silence.

"You know—we all know—that the present moment is very vital. That it's impossible to deny the crisis in the air."



"Eve," he said, "I want your help."

Nobody feels it more than I do. Nobody is more exorbitantly keen to have a share, a part, when the real fight comes! He stopped; then he turned slowly and they met. "If a man is to succeed in such a desire," he went on deliberately, "he must exclude all others. He must have one purpose, one interest, one thought. He must forget that!"

Eve lifted her head quickly—"that he has a wife." She finished gently. "I think I understand."

There was no annoyance in her face or voice, no suggestion of selfishness or of hurt vanity. She had read his meaning with disconcerting clearness and responded with disconcerting generosity. A sudden and very human dissatisfaction fell upon Loder. Opposition is the whip to action; a too ready acquiescence the slackened rein.

"Did I say that?" he asked quickly. The tone was almost Chilcote's. She glanced up; then a sudden, incomprehensible smile lighted up her face.

"You didn't say, but you thought," she answered gravely. "Thoughts are the same as words to a woman. That's why we are so unreasonable." Again she smiled. Some idea, baffling and incomprehensible to Loder, was stirring in her mind.

Conscious of the impression, he moved still nearer. "You jump to conclusions," he said abruptly. "What I meant to imply—"

"—was precisely what I've understood." Again she finished his sentence. Then she laughed softly. "How very wise, but how very, very foolish men are! You come to the conclusion that because a woman is interested in you she is going to hamper you in some direction, and after infinite pains you summon all your tact and you set about saving the situation. There was interest, even a touch of amusement, in her tone; her eyes were still fixed upon his in an indefinable glance. "You think you are being very diplomatic," she went on quietly, "but in reality you are being very transparent. The woman reads the whole of your meaning in your very first sentence—if she hasn't known it before you began to speak."

Again Loder made an interruption, but again she checked him. "No," she said, still smiling. "You should never attempt such a task. Shall I tell you why?"

He stood silent, puzzled and interested. "Because," she said quickly, "when a woman really is interested, the man's career ranks infinitely higher in her eyes than any personal desire for power."

For a moment their eyes met; then abruptly Loder looked away. She had gauged his intentions incorrectly, yet with disconcerting insight. Again the suggestion of an unusual personality below the serenity of her manner recurred to his imagination.

With an impulse altogether foreign to him he lifted his head and again met her glance. "Then at last he spoke, but only two words. 'Forgive me!' he said, with simple, direct sincerity."

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER his interview with Eve, Loder retired to the study and spent the remaining hours of the day and the whole span of the evening in work. At 1 o'clock, still feeling fresh in mind and body, he dismissed Greening and passed into Chilcote's bedroom. The interview with Eve, though widely different from the one he had anticipated, had left him stimulated and alert. In the hours that followed it there had been an added anxiety to put his mind into harness, an added gratification in finding it answer to the rein.

A pleasant sense of retrospection settled upon him as he slowly undressed, and a pleasant sense of interest touched him as, crossing to the dressing table, he caught sight of Chilcote's engagement book, taken with other things from the suit he had changed at dinner time and carefully laid aside by himself.

He picked it up and slowly turned the pages. It showed him the progress

tion of a lottery, his dipping into another man's engagements and drawing a prize or a blank. It was a sensation that even custom had not dulled.

At first he turned the pages slowly, then by degrees his fingers quickened. Beyond the fact that this present evening was free he knew nothing of his promised movements. The abruptness of Chilcote's arrival at Clifford's inn in the afternoon had left no time for superfluous questions. He skimmed the writing with a touch of interested haste, then all at once he paused and smiled.

"Big enough for a tombstone!" he said below his breath as his eyes rested on a large blue cross. Then he smiled again and held the book to the light.

"Dine 33 Cadogan gardens, 8 o'clock. Talk with L." he read, still speaking softly to himself.

He stood for a moment pondering on the entry, then once more his glance reverted to the cross.

"Evidently meant it to be seen," he mused. "But why the deuce isn't it more explicit?" As he spoke a look of comprehension suddenly crossed his face and the puzzled frown between his eyebrows cleared away.

With a feeling of satisfaction he remembered Lakeley's frequent and pressing suggestion that he should dine with him at Cadogan gardens and disengage the political outlook.

Lakeley must have written during his absence, and Chilcote, having marked the engagement, felt no further responsibility. The invitation could scarcely have been verbal, as Chilcote, he knew, had lain very low in the five days of his return home.

So he argued as he stood with the book still open in his hands, the blue cross staring imperatively from the white paper. And from the argument rose thoughts and suggestions that seethed in his mind long after the lights had been switched off, long after the fire had died down, and he had been left wrapped in darkness in the great canopied bed.

And so it came about that he took his second false step. Once during the press of the next morning's work it crossed his mind to verify his convictions by a glance at the directory, but for once the strong wish that evokes a thought conquered his caution. His work was absorbing; the need of verification seemed very small. He let the suggestion pass.

At 7 o'clock he dressed carefully. His mind was full of Lakeley and of the possibilities the night might hold; for more than once before the weight of the St. George's Gazette, with Lakeley at its back, had turned the political scales. To be marked by him as a coming man was at any time a favorable portent; to be singled out by him at the present juncture was momentous. A thrill of expectancy, almost excitement, passed through him as he surveyed his appearance preparatory to leaving the house.

Passing downstairs, he moved at once to the hall door; but almost as his hand touched it he halted, attracted by a movement on the landing above him. Turning, he saw Eve.

She was standing quite still, looking down upon him as she had looked once before. As their eyes met she changed her position hastily.

"You are going out?" she asked. And it struck Loder quickly that there was a suggestion, a shadow of disappointment in the tone of her voice. Moved by the impression, he responded with unusual promptness.

"Yes," he said. "I'm dining out—dining with Lakeley."

She watched him intently while he spoke; then, as the meaning of his words reached her her whole face brightened.

"With Mr. Lakeley?" she said. "Oh, I'm glad—very glad. It is quite—quite another step." She smiled with a warm, impulsive touch of sympathy.

Loder, looking up at her, felt his senses stir. At sound of her words his secret craving for success quickened to stronger life. The man whose sole incentive lies within may go forward coldly and successfully; but the man who grasps a double inspiration, who, even unconsciously, is impelled by an outer force, has a stronger impetus for attack, a surer, more vital heaving power. Still watching her, he answered instinctively:

"Yes," he said slowly, "a long step."

And, with a smile of farewell, he turned, opened the door and passed into the road.

The thrill of that one moment was still warm as he reached Cadogan gardens and mounted the steps of No. 33—so vitally warm that he paused for an instant before pressing the electric bell. Then at last, dominated by anticipation, he turned and raised his hand.

The action was abrupt, and it was only as his fingers pressed the bell that a certain unexpectedness, a certain want of suitability in the aspect of the house, struck him. The door was white; the handle and knocker were of massive silver. The first seemed a disappointing index of Lakeley's private taste, the second a ridiculous temptation to needy humanity. He looked again at the number of the house, but it stared back at him convulsively. Then the door opened.

So keen was his sense of unfairness that, still trying to fuse his impression of Lakeley with the idea of silver door fittings, he stepped into the hall without the usual preliminary question. Suddenly realizing the necessity, he turned to the servant, but the man forestalled him:

"Will you come into the white room, sir? And may I take your coat?"

The smooth courtesy of the man's manner surprised him. It held another savor of disappointment, seeming as little in keeping with the keen, businesslike Lakeley as did the house. Still struggling with his impression, he allowed himself to be relieved of his hat and coat and in silence ushered up the shadow staircase.

As the last step was reached it came to him again to mention his host's name, but simultaneously with the suggestion the servant stepped forward with a quick, silent movement and threw open a door.

"Mr. Chilcote!" he announced in a subdued, discreet voice.

Loder's first impression was of a room that seemed unusually luxurious, soft and shadowy. Then all impres-

sion of inanimate things left him suddenly.

For the fraction of a second he stood in the doorway, while the room seemed emptied of everything except a figure that rose slowly from a couch before the fire at sound of Chilcote's name. Then, with a calmness that to himself seemed incredible, he moved forward into the room.

He might, of course, have beaten a retreat and obliterated many things, but life is full of might have beens, and retreat never presents itself agreeably to a strong man. His impulse was to face the difficulty, and he acted on the impulse.

Lillian had risen slowly, and as he neared her she held out her hand.

"Jack," she exclaimed softly, "how sweet of you to remember!"

The voice and words came to him with great distinctness, and as they came one uncertainty passed forever from his mind—the question as to what relation she and Chilcote held to each other. With the realization came the thought of Eve, and in the midst of his own difficulty his face hardened.

Lillian ignored the coldness. "Taking his hand, she smiled. 'You're unusually punctual,' she said. 'But your hands are cold. Come closer to the fire.'"

Loder was not sensible that his hands were cold, but he suffered himself to be drawn forward.

One end of the couch was in the light, the other in shadow. By a fortunate arrangement of chance Lillian selected the brighter end for herself and offered the other to her guest. With a quick sense of repulse he accepted it. At least he could sit secure from detection while he temporized with fate.

For a moment they sat silent, then Lillian stirred. "Won't you smoke?" she asked.

Everything in the room seemed soft and enervating—the subdued glow of the fire, the smell of roses that hung about the air and, last of all, Lillian's slow, soothing voice. With a sense of oppression he stiffened his shoulders and sat straighter in his place.

"No," he said. "I don't think I shall smoke."

She moved nearer to him. "Dear Jack," she said pleadingly, "don't say you're in a bad mood. Don't say you want to postpone again." She looked up at him and laughed a little in mock consternation.

Loder was at a loss.

Another silence followed, while Lillian waited; then she frowned suddenly and rose from the couch. Like many indolent people, she possessed a touch of obstinacy, and now that her triumph over Chilcote was obtained, now that she had vindicated her right to command him, her original purpose came uppermost again. Cold or interested, indifferent or attentive, she intended to make use of him.

She moved to the fire and stood looking down into it.

"Jack," she began gently, "a really amazing thing has happened to me. I do so want you to throw some light."

Loder said nothing.

There was a fresh pause while she softly smoothed the silk embroidery that edged her gown. Then once more she looked up at him.

"Did I ever tell you," she began, "that I was once in a railway accident on a funny little Italian railway centuries before I met you?" She laughed softly and with a pretty air of confidence turned from the fire and resumed her seat.

"Astrup had caught a fever in Florence, and I was rushing away for fear of the infection, when our stupid little train ran off the rails near Pistoria and smashed itself up. Fortunately we were within half a mile of a village, so we weren't quite bereft. The village was impossible like a toy village, and the accommodation what one would expect in a Noah's ark. I put up at the little inn with my maid and Ko Ko Ko. I was tremendously keen on puddles that year." She stopped and looked thoughtfully toward the fire.

"But, to come to the point of the story, Jack, the toy village had a boy doll!" She laughed again. "He was an Englishman—and the first person to come to my rescue on the night of the smashup. He was staying at the Noah's ark inn, and after that first night I—he—we—Oh, Jack, haven't you any imagination?" Her voice sounded potent and sharp. The man who is indifferent to the recital of an old love affair implies the worst kind of listener. "I believe you aren't interested," she added in another and more reproachful tone.

He leaned forward. "You're wrong there," he said slowly. "I'm deeply interested."

She glanced at him again. His tone reassured her, but his words left her uncertain. Chilcote was rarely euphonic. With a touch of hesitation she went on with her tale:

"As I told you, he was the first to find us to find me, I should say, for my stupid maid was having hysterics further up the line, and Ko Ko was lost. I remember the first thing I did was to send him in search of Ko Ko!"

Notwithstanding his position, Loder found occasion to smile. "Did he succeed?" he said dryly.

"Succeeded? Oh, yes, he succeeded!" She also smiled involuntarily. "Poor Ko Ko was stowed away under the luggage van, and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done the dog was quite unharmed and livelier than ever, but the Englishman

had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear, but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp." She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short, sarcastic laugh. "And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was further away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said carelessly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that

I've brought you here. It's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She stroked his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man and we—we became very fond of each other. You understand? Then we quarreled—quarreled quite badly—and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who stick in one's mind. But he has stayed in mine for another reason!"—Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one else? Well, that some one else was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous. He was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think of you!" She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story, I never saw him since that long ago time until—the night of Blanchette's party!" She spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words. Then she waited for his surprise.

But the result was not what she expected. He said nothing, and, with an abrupt movement, he drew his hand from between hers.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked at last, with a delicate note of reproach.

He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment. "Surprised?" he said. "Why should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Besides, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said softly, "it is a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said very quietly.

Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do. When I was in my tent on the night of Blanchette's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong, thin hands like—well, rather like yours. But he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion covered it. Lillian's words ceased to him no surprise, scarcely even any trepidation. He felt now that he had covered them, even waited for them, all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate. Then he seemed to have made up his mind, for he drew them off. He drew them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Do you guess?"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back into his corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scar made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times, that I had seen healed before I left Santasalar!"

"And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak.

"Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterward it was too late."

"But you saw him afterward—in the rooms?" Loder spoke unwillingly.

"No, I didn't—that's the other point. I didn't see him in the rooms, and I haven't seen him since. Directly he was gone I left the tent—I pretended to be hungry and bored—but, though I went through every room, he was nowhere to be found. Once—she hesitated and laughed again—"once I thought I had found him, but it was only you—yes, as you stood in that doorway with your mouth and chin hidden by Leonard Kaine's head. Wasn't it a quaint mistake?"

There was an uncertain pause. Then Loder, feeling the need of speech, broke the silence suddenly. "Where do I come in?" he asked abruptly. "What am I wanted for?"

"To help to throw light on the mystery! I've seen Blanchette's list of people, and there wasn't a man I couldn't place—no outsider ever squeezes through Blanchette's door. I have questioned Bobby Blessington, but he can't remember who came to the tent last. And Bobby was supposed to have kept count!" She spoke in deep scorn, but almost immediately the scorn faded and she smiled again. "Now that I've explained, Jack," she added, "what do you suggest?"

Then for the first time Loder knew what his presence in the room really meant, and at best the knowledge was disconcerting. It is not every day that a man is called upon to unearth himself.

"Suggest?" he repeated blankly. "Yes, I'd rather have your idea of the affair than anybody else's. You are so dear and sarcastic and keen that you can't help getting straight at the middle of a fact."

When Lillian wanted anything she could be very sweet. She suddenly dropped her half petulant tone; she suddenly ceased to be a spoiled child. With a perfectly graceful movement she drew quite close to Loder and slid gently to her knees.

This is an attitude that few women can safely assume. It requires all the attributes of youth, suppleness and a certain buoyant ease. But Lillian never acted without justification and as she leaned toward Loder, her face lifted, her slight figure and pale hair softened by the firelight, she made a picture that it would have been difficult to criticize.

But the person who should have appreciated it stared steadily beyond it to the fire. His mind was absorbed by one question—the question of how he might reasonably leave the house before discovery became assured.

Lillian, attentively watchful of him, saw the uneasy look, and her own face fell. But as she looked, an inspiration came to her—a remembrance of many interviews with Chilcote smoothed and facilitated by the timely use of tobacco.

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The Huge Price of War.

An international authority says that in the so-called "glorious" victories of Caesar a million men perished on the field of battle. Napoleon in the short space of a few years was authorized to devote to "the glory of France" 2,103,000 of her sons. In the ten years following the attack on Fort Sumter the world destroyed in war 1,400,000 lives and \$6,000,000,000 worth of property. Two-thirds of the combined budgets of the various states of Europe are devoted to the maintenance of armed forces and to the service of a debt practically the whole of which was incurred by wars. War expenses in Europe absorb one-half of all the wealth created by productive labor. In the comparatively insignificant war of England with the Boers England lost 22,450 men and spent \$1,400,000,000. Three hundred and fifty thousand men were withdrawn by her from productive industry to engage in the destruction of war. Military expenditures in the United States during the last eight years have absorbed \$1,500,000,000.—Memphis News-Schmitt.

Hunt's "Lady of Shalott."

Holman Hunt, "the painter whose tired eyes can see no more," recently told an audience in Manchester that he was at work on his famous "Lady of Shalott" for fifteen years, but the scheme of the picture was taking shape in his mind for nearly half a century. Those who possess a copy of Moxon's illustrated edition of Tennyson, published in 1857, will find therein the original sketch of the "Lady of Shalott." Moxon drew around him the young preaphaelite artists of the day—Rossetti, Millais, Arthur Hughes and Holman Hunt—to illustrate his book, and of all the choice drawings that by Hunt was the most admired. The artist decided to convert the drawing into a great painting, but before he could put his intention into practice he felt called upon to preach sermons to the people by means of canvases on Scriptural subjects. But he never put from him his early ambition, and its realization has occupied the evening of his years in these pathetic circumstances.—London Chronicle.

Six Flavored Monkeys.

In several places in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State of South Africa caves have been discovered which yielded hundreds of mummified remains of a queer species of six fingered monkeys. All of the full grown specimens of this remarkable race have the tail situated high up on the back—from three to five inches farther up than on the modern monkey—and other distinguishing marks, such as two sets of canine teeth, beads on the males, etc.

With the Mute Behind It. Dubler—Here's a joke for you: "Hard luck—a horseless!" See? Scribbles—Huh! It's hard luck it wasn't a mule who had that joke struck you.—Philadelphia Press.

THE MASQUERADER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"Jack," she said softly, "before you say another word I insist on your lighting a cigarette." She turned forward, resting against his knee.

At her words Loder's eyes left the fire. His attention was suddenly needed for a new and more luminous difficulty. "Thanks," he said quickly. "I have no wish to smoke."

"It isn't a matter of what you wish, but of what I say," she smiled. She knew that Chilcote with a cigarette between his lips was infinitely more tractable than Chilcote sitting idle, and she had no intention of ignoring the knowledge.

But Loder caught at her words. "Before you ordered me to smoke," he said, "you told me to give you some advice. Your first command must have prior claim." He grasped unhesitatingly at the less risky theme.

She looked up at him. "You're always nicer when you smoke," she persisted caressingly. "Light a cigarette—and give me one."

Loder's mouth became set. "No," he said, "we'll stick to this advice business. It interests me."

"Yes—afterward."

"No, now. You want to find out why this Englishman from Italy was at your sister's party and why he disappeared?"

There are times when a malignant obstinacy seems to affect certain people. The only answer Lillian made was to pass her hand over Loder's wrist-coat and, feeling his cigarette case, to draw it from the pocket.

He affected not to see it. "Do you think he recognized you in that tent?" he insisted desperately.

She held out the case. "Here are your cigarettes. You know we're always more social when we smoke."

In the short interval while she looked up into his face several ideas passed through Loder's mind. He thought of standing up suddenly and so regaining his advantage. He wondered quickly whether one hand could possibly suffice for the taking out and lighting of two cigarettes. Then all need for speculation was pushed suddenly aside.

Lillian, looking into his face, saw his fresh look of disturbance, and from long experience again changed her tactics. Laying the cigarette case on the table, she put one hand on his shoulder, the other on his left arm. Hundreds of times this caressing touch had quieted Chilcote.

"Dear old boy!" she said soothingly, her hand moving slowly down his arm. In a flash of understanding the consequences of this position came to him. Action was imperative, at whatever risk. With an abrupt gesture he rose.

The movement was awkward. He got to his feet precipitately. Lillian drew back, surprised and startled, catching involuntarily at his left hand to steady her position.

Her fingers grasped it, then held him. He made no effort to release them. With a dogged acknowledgment, he admitted himself worsted.

How long she stayed immovable, holding his hand, neither of them knew. The process of a woman's instinct is so subtle, so obscure, that it would be futile to apply it to the commonplace test of time. She kept her hold tenaciously, as though his fingers possessed some peculiar virtue. Then at last she spoke.

"Rings, Jack?" she said very slowly. And under the two short words a whole world of incredulity and surprise made itself felt.

Loder laughed. At the sound she dropped his hand and rose from her knees. What her suspicions, what her instincts were she could not have clearly defined, but her action was unhesitating. Without a moment's uncertainty she turned to the fireplace, pressed the electric button and flooded the room with light.

There is no force so demoralizing as unexpected light. Loder took a step backward, his hand hanging unguarded by his side, and Lillian, stepping forward, caught it again before he could protest. Lifting it quickly, she looked scrutinizingly at the two rings.

All women jump to conclusions, and it is extraordinary how seldom they are wrong. Seeing only what Lillian saw, knowing only what she knew, no man would have staked a definite opinion, but the other sex takes a different view. As she stood gazing at the rings her thoughts and her conclusions sprang through her mind like arrows—all aimed and all tending toward one point.

She remembered the day when she and Chilcote had talked of doubts, her skepticism and his vehement defense of the idea, his sudden interest in the book "Other Men's Shoes," and his anathema against life and its irksome round of duties. She remembered her own first embodied recognition of the eyes that had looked at her in the doorway of her sister's house, and, last of all, she remembered Chilcote's uncomfortable avoidance of the same subject of likeness when she had mentioned it yesterday diving through the park, and with it his unnecessarily curt repudiation of his former opinions.

She reviewed each item, then she raised her head slowly and looked at Loder.

He was prepared for the glance and met it steadily. In the long moment that her eyes searched his face it was she and not he who changed color. She was the first to speak. "You were the man whose hands I saw in the tent," she said. She made the statement in her usual soft tones, but a slight tremor of excitement underlaid her voice. Poodles, Persian kittens, even crystal gazing balls, seemed very far away in face of this tangible, fabulous, present interest. "You are not Jack Chilcote," she said very slowly.

"You are wearing his clothes and speaking in his voice, but you are not Jack Chilcote." Her tone quickened with a touch of excitement. "You needn't keep silent and look at me," she said. "I know quite well what I am saying, though I don't understand it, though I have no real proof." She paused, momentarily disconcerted by her companion's silent and steady gaze, and in the pause a curious and unexpected thing occurred.

Loder laughed suddenly—a full, contented, reassured laugh. All the web that the past half hour had spun about him, all the intolerable sense of an impending crash, lifted suddenly. He

saw his way clearly, and it was Lillian who had opened his eyes.

Still looking at her, he smiled—a smile of reluctant determination, such as Chilcote had never worn in his life. And with a calm gesture he released his hand.

"The greatest charm of woman is her imagination," he said quietly. "Without it there would be no color in life; we would come into and drop out of it with the same uninteresting tone of drab reality." He paused and smiled again.

At his smile Lillian involuntarily drew back, the color deepening in her cheeks. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

He lifted his head. With each moment he felt more certain of himself. "Because that is my attitude," he said. "As a man I admire your imagination, but as a man I fail to follow your reasoning."

The words and the tone both stung her. "Do you realize the position?" she asked sharply. "Do you realize that, whatever your plans are, I can spoil them?"

Loder still met her eyes. "I realize nothing of the sort," he said.

"Then you admit that you are not Jack Chilcote?"

"I neither deny nor admit. My identity is obvious. I can get twenty men to swear to it at any moment that you like. The fact that I haven't worn rings till now will scarcely interest them."

"That you do admit—to me, that you are not Jack?"

"I deny nothing—and admit nothing. I still offer my congratulations."

"Upon what?"

"The same possession—your imagination."

Lillian stamped her foot. Then by a quick effort she conquered her temper. "Prove me to be wrong!" she said, with a fresh touch of excitement. "Take off your rings and let me see your hand."

With a deliberate gesture Loder put his hand behind his back. "I never gratify childish curiosity," he said, with another smile.

Again a flash of temper crossed her eyes. "Are you sure," she said, "that it's quite wise to talk like that?"

Loder laughed again. "Is that a threat?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it's an empty one."

"Why?"

Before replying he waited a moment, looking down at her.

"I conclude," he began quietly, "that your idea is to spread this wild, improbable story—to ask people to believe that John Chilcote, whom they see before them, is not John Chilcote, but somebody else. Now, you'll find that a harder task than you imagine. This is a skeptical world, and people are absurdly fond of their own eyesight. We are all journalists nowadays—we all want facts. The first thing you will be asked for is your proof. And what does your proof consist of? The circumstance that John Chilcote, who has always despised jewelry, has lately taken to wearing rings? Your own testimony, unattested by any witnesses, that with those rings off his finger bears a scar belonging to another man? No; on close examination I scarcely imagine that your case would hold." He stopped, fired by his own logic. The future might be Chilcote's, but the present was his, and this present, with its immeasurable possibilities, had been rescued from catastrophe. "No," he said again. "When you get your proof perhaps we'll have another talk, but till then—"

"Till then?" She looked up quickly, but almost at once her question died away.

The door had opened, and the servant who had admitted Loder stood in the opening.

"Dinner is served!" he announced in his deferential voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Rush For Cheap Land.

It was about 1800 when it became obvious to many of our American home seekers that our great west was getting a trifle small, according to their notions. In that year about 20,000 Americans went over into Canada. Two years later the army had reached 50,000 in numbers. Last year more than that many went across the line within three months of the spring. At least 75,000 will this year leave the United States to go into northwest Canada, not to mention more than 100,000 more from Europe.

One able objector out in Iowa complains in a widely circulated American periodical that this "wild land craze" is taking away from his commonwealth thousands of men and causing the local banks much hardship. He opines that folk presently will realize that Iowa land is better than wild land and so will come back home even as last sheep return.

What utter folly! The truth is that the population of Iowa is 30,000 less than it was two years ago, most of this loss occasioned by the great trek. That is not because Iowa lands are no longer good, but because they are no longer cheap.—Emerson Hough, in "The Last Stampede For Cheap Homes," in Outlook Magazine.

The New Drug Stovaline.

According to a Birmingham newspaper, quoted by Consul F. W. Mahin, a new drug, called stovaline, has come into use in England and abroad to prevent pain in surgical operations. It does not produce unconsciousness. A patient who has nerves strong enough can watch a surgeon operate while under its influence. Stovaline is injected into the lumbar region of the spinal canal and acts on the roots of the nerves entering the spinal cord. The injection produces a certain amount of shock, as well as occasional sickness and headache. How long the effect of this anesthetic will last is not stated, nor whether further injections may be made during an operation. Presumably the duration of the effect is not great, and only one injection is deemed prudent, for a recent instance is noted of a surgeon speeding an operation to the safety limit in order to outstrip the recovering nerves.

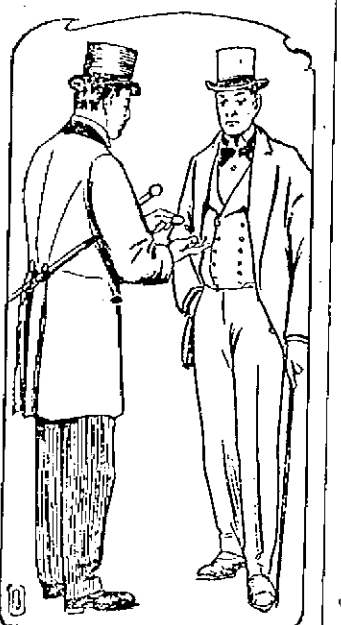
NEW SHORT STORIES

Called the Judge.

A group of Kentucky statesmen were reminiscing past political battles. If one wanted to see the real thing in political fights, they declared, he must make a trip through the Blue Grass State during a hot campaign, and all campaigns in the state of Daniel Boone are hot.

"I got the better of a prominent Gold Democrat in my district," said Representative Ollie James, "and I extracted lots of satisfaction out of it. He was very bitter, as all converts to a new cause usually are. We met one day in the presence of a number of prominent citizens, and he began to berate me and denounce what he was pleased to call the silver fallacy. 'You fellows are crazy,' he said. 'The talk of the crime of 1873 is rot. Why, there wasn't enough silver coined before 1873 to shake a stick at. I tell you what I will do, James. For every silver dollar coined before 1873 that you can produce I will give you \$20 in gold.' All right, Judge, I replied; 'I will remember that. It is a contract, is it?' 'Yes.'"

"I happened to remember a lot of old coins I had laid away in an ancient trunk at home. Going to my



"JUDGE, I SUPPOSE YOU MEANT WHAT YOU SAID THIS MORNING?"

house, I looked them over and found eighteen silver dollars that bore a date earlier than 1873. Slipping them into my pocket, I started out to round up my Gold Democratic friend. I encountered him in the courthouse surrounded by a number of satellites.

"Judge," I began, "I suppose you meant what you said this morning about giving \$20 for every silver dollar I could produce that had been coined prior to 1873?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then I produced my collection and said, 'Well, I guess you owe me just \$360, which is 20 times 18.' How the crowd roared. I never got the \$360, but it was worth the money to see the honorable judge squirm and take water."—Washington Post.

It Saved More Than Labor.

James R. Garfield, who is to be the new secretary of the interior, was praising labor saving devices.

"Labor saving devices always make for prosperity," Mr. Garfield said. "The accusations brought against them are rarely logical. On the contrary, these accusations have, as a rule, as little logic in them as had the claim of a tutored tramp."

"This tramp, appealing to a kind old farmer for help, whined:

"'Wunst I wuz in a fair way ter become a millionaire, but one of these here labor savin' devices knocked me out!'"

"How so, my poor fellow?" the farmer asked.

"'I wuz doin' fine,' the tramp exclaimed, 'holdin' down a bartender's job in a saloon, when the boss went and put in a cash register.'"

Bishop Eastburn Smiles.

Bishop Potter relates that on the first occasion when he visited Bishop Eastburn, Phillips Brooks' predecessor as bishop of Massachusetts, Bishop Eastburn after dinner suggested a little, glancing at the sideboard. Bishop Potter's father had been well known as a stern opponent of the use of tobacco. But presently Bishop Eastburn rushed to the sideboard and got a box of cigars, at the same time remarking lugubriously, "Dr. Potter, I presume that you don't smoke?"

"Whenever I get a chance I do," answered Potter.

Whereupon Bishop Eastburn's face broadened into a smile, and he exclaimed: "Thank God! I was afraid you had inherited the detestable prejudices of your father."—Rochester Herald.

Fryer's Client Was Ready.

William P. Frye, Maine's senior senator, was once summoned to prepare a will for a man who was very ill and not expected to live. It was necessary, of course, to secure some witnesses, and while the lawyer was waiting for them he thought it his duty, as there was no minister present, to talk very seriously with the dying man. He told him he was very ill and would soon depart this life to tread the unknown paths of eternity.

"And now, are you ready to meet this great change?" was asked.

"I will be," was the reply, "as soon as those witnesses get here."—Boston Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Get busy occasionally and dust off your conscience. Look well to the start; then keep looking to the finish.

Occasionally a man drops dollars while trying to pick up pennies.

With some people there is no such word as fail; with others there is no such word as enough.—Chicago News.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

David Warfield is succeeding on tour in "The Music Master."

"Omar," Frank Daniels' new musical play, will be put on before March 1. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be presented in London by Liebler & Co.

Mary Manning is the latest distinguished recruit to the ranks of male penitents.

W. L. Abington has been engaged by Charles Dillingham as leading man for Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Ole."

Now that we are having Annie Rus sell as Puck, may we not expect to hear of Ethel Barrymore playing Hamlet?

Seth Cabot Halsey, a nephew of Senator Daniel of Virginia, plays the part of the congressman in "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

Miss Phyllis Young, who plays one of the Gibson girls in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," is a Washingtonian. She was formerly in Viola Allen's company and appeared in her Shakespearean productions.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN

James Wolf (1720-1750), English general: "What, do they run already?"

Frederick the Great of Prussia (1712-1758): "We are over the hill. We shall go better now."

Marcos Bozaris (1770-1823), Greek patriot: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

Daniel Wilson (1773-1833), English theologian: "Sleep! I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep."

Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1539-1583), English navigator: "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

Christopher Columbus (1492-1506), Italian navigator: "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

Frederick Humboldt (1769-1859), German savant and traveler: "How grand these rays! They seem to beckon earth to heaven."

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), American poet and prose writer: "That is better, thank you." (To his son, who had just assisted him to his favorite chair.)

SHORT STORIES.

It is claimed that 45 per cent of tuberculars die of tuberculosis.

The widows of soldiers of the War of 1812 who draw pensions from the government number 100.

In a New Haven Y. M. C. A. a Bible study class of Hebrew boys is studying the Old Testament.

About 3,000 pieces of glassware and crockery are broken on each voyage of a first class ocean steamer.

While cattle are plentiful in Brazil and pasturage costs hardly anything, butter in Rio de Janeiro averages about twice in cost what it does in the United States.

There is a decided scarcity of surfmen in the life saving service on the great lakes. A number of the stations are running short-handed, and it is being found impossible to find men to fill the vacancies. Surfmen are resigning in large numbers and are leaving the stations in serious predicaments.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

The last count of heads in Germany exceeded the estimate by \$6,000. The total figure was 80,611,278, a gain of 4,274,000 in five years.

At a cost of \$3,212,000 the Rhine between Mannheim and Strassburg is to be deepened sufficiently to enable boats to reach the latter city during all seasons.

An old woman who has just died at Wiesbaden, Germany, at the age of eighty-four wrote her own obituary notice on the day before her death and also made a list of all the friends to whom she wished memorial cards to be sent.

Emperor William has started Germany by appointing Herr Bruno Paul, the caricaturist of Simplicissimus, to be director of the Berlin Industrial Art school. Herr Paul's appointment is a triumph for secessionist art and may signify the deathblow to many old fashioned ideas.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

Dante did his best. But he should have foreseen New York's subway.—New York Mail.

If the next elections do not sustain the kaiser, what then? Will he dissolve the German empire?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

While the members of the cabinet get only their board and clothes from the government, they tumble into \$50,000 a year jobs when they leave it. Look at Shaw, Morton, Gage, Carlisle and a few others.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A New York physician holds that life in the flats ruins children, and a good many apartment house owners hold that the children ruin the flats. This looks like a good foundation for a mutual agreement to keep them separate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WAVES OF WATER.

The English channel is nowhere more than 600 feet deep. The Irish sea is 2,130 feet.

Six lakes of more than 20,000 square miles in area exist in the world. The Caspian is the largest of these and Lake Huron the smallest.

New York city has the shortest stream of water in the world dignified by the name "river." It is the Harlem river and is strictly one of the mouths of the Hudson.

CASTORIA

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RECOLLECTIONS

—OF—

OLDEN TIMES

By the late

Established by Franklin in 1785.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
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Saturday, January 26, 1907.

President Roosevelt has at least succeeded in dividing the solid south on the race question.

Mr. Bryan's recent silence is not construed to mean that the third battle will be a still hunt.

With the advent of real winter the price of coal takes an upward leap in Providence. Still it had been reasonably cheap there before the last raise.

After March 4 only one Democrat from a northern state will remain in the United States Senate. The solid south will observe that there are others.

Secretary Root thinks there is lots of pleasure to be derived from a Canadian winter. Wonder if he had to bring in the coal and wood during his brief stay there?

The course of justice in New York is proverbially slow. The prospects are that the Thaw trial with all its misadventure details will be before the public for many days.

President Faunce of Brown University thinks that college professors should have more pay. In view of the years of preparation that are required to fit them for their important duties, he is no doubt right.

President Roosevelt has never been regarded in a very kindly light by the Boston Herald, and now that newspaper very grudgingly gives him credit for refraining from any "jingoing" over the Jamaica incident.

And now it appears that not merely was our offer of assistance to Jamaica discourteously refused but that American citizens there were refused aid by the British authorities. The administration in Jamaica has brought much dishonor upon itself.

Chairman Shonts has resigned as chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, and his place will not be filled except as Chief Engineer Stevens can combine those duties with his own. The urgent necessity for such an officer has now passed. It is now necessary to dig a ditch.

Mr. Bryan announces through his paper that he is still for the public ownership of railroads, but that "until the people are ready for ownership the Commission will urge regulation of the strictest kind under the most favorable conditions." Mr. Bryan favors a principle, but weakens as its advocate.

The Democrats in the House of Representatives in Providence are playing politics to the utmost limit. They have already introduced nearly fifty measures, all of which are for political bunkum, and with the hope to make political capital in some way. Thus far they do not seem to have scored many points.

President Eliot of Harvard says that the best guarantee of universal peace among nations would be the organization of a great international police force composed of the combined forces of all the powers of the world and deriving its power from a great international court constructed on the lines of the Hague.

The New Haven road is preparing to spend several millions of dollars to facilitate the freight traffic in Boston. If the sale of the old Park Square station to the Boston & Albany is consummated there should consequently be a marked increase in efficiency of both passenger and freight service of all the roads around Boston.

Lieutenant-Governor Draper of Massachusetts is the latest target of District Attorney Moran. Mr. Moran wants to know about a club of which Mr. Draper is a member and as the latter declined to furnish the required information there was forthcoming the usual torrent of talk from Boston's legal lunatic.

The Wetmore contingent in the General Assembly have stood firm the past week. He has had his thirty-one votes on every ballot. There is no indication that this number will be any less, while on the other hand there is an appearance of growing uneasiness among the followers of some of the other candidates. It is confidently believed that the Wetmore vote will be materially increased in the near future. It would not surprise the Wetmore men to see a break to their man any day.

Governor Swettenham of Jamaica has brought to the island of Jamaica a notoriety that is greater even than that occasioned by the earthquake. His conduct on an occasion when the American people were bending every effort to assist their stricken neighbors has been repudiated by his government and by his fellow-countrymen everywhere, so the incident may be regarded as nothing more serious than the vaporings of a giddy, irascible old fossil. Unfortunately, the little affair must have a bearing on the future relations of the British and American navies. "Blood is thicker than water" has long been a favorite motto in the navy, but hereafter it is probable that either a British or an American commander will think seriously before he will profane it, unasked, to the other nation.

Presidential Outlook.

Although a year in advance of the opening of the next Presidential election, there are unmistakable signs of an alignment of opposing political and business forces for that struggle.

Inasmuch as the great corporations have been for several years, and still are, the object of legislation and enforcement of law, it is not surprising that powerful interests should be deeply concerned in the campaign of next year, and it is certain that their influence will be felt, if not openly exhibited, in it.

The great fight is to be over the Republican nomination for President. Less interest will be taken in the Democratic nomination because that will, to some extent, depend upon the action of the Republican convention. If the Republicans nominate a conservative for President, the outlook is for the nomination of W. J. Bryan by the Democrats. If the Republicans nominate a radical for President, it is possible, although not certain, that the Democrats will discard Bryan for some candidate who would show a sharper contrast to the Republican nominee.

There is every indication now of a determined fight for the Republican nomination. The fight will be between what may be described as the conservative political and business elements on the one side and the radical elements on the other. In other words, it will be a fight between the Roosevelt and the anti-Roosevelt forces. Until the nomination is finally made, there will be no time in which the possibility of the renomination of President Roosevelt will not exist. Although the President in November, 1904, and many times since, has announced his determination not to accept another term, yet many people, many newspapers and even a number of political combinations have demanded his renomination, and already a third term league is at work to promote that result.

The Roosevelt candidate at present appears to be Secretary of War Taft, and it is known that certain financial elements are favorable to his nomination, having confidence in his judicial training, although Judge Taft has steadfastly supported the corporation policy of his chief. There can be no doubt, however, that some of the most powerful financial interests in the country are opposed to the nomination of any man who is closely identified with the Roosevelt policy. With these men it is anything but weak Roosevelt and they are already at work with every influence which they can exert to prevent the nomination of a Roosevelt man.

At present the candidate whom they are using to accomplish this purpose is Vice-President Fairbanks, and there is no question that they have made much headway with him. They are anxious to secure a New York delegation to the next Republican convention which will be opposed to the President. One standing block in their way is Governor Hughes, but the governor, while an able man, is unfamiliar with politics, and the Odell machine will be utilized for the purpose of securing delegates.

General Assembly.

The principal feature of the sessions of the General Assembly this week as far as has been the balloting for United States Senator. The dead-lock still continues and there is no more prospect of an immediate change than there was at the close of last week's session. Each candidate continues to hold his own, the only differences between ballots being when some member is unavoidably absent. Ex-Governor Utter continues to receive one vote daily, that of Representative Latham of Cranston. Each day at noon a ballot is taken as required by law; on some days two ballots have been taken without change. In grand committee the division is as follows: Wetmore, 31; Goddard, 41; Colt, 38; Utter, 1; necessary to a choice, 55.

The House committees have finally been appointed and the Legislature is now ready for business, but it is not likely to do a great deal until after the Senatorial contest is out of the way. The Newport county members of the House were assigned to committees as follows:

House of Representatives, corporations, public institutions; Franklin of Newport, chairman labor, rules and orders, executive communications; Burlingame of Newport, finance, printing; Burdick of Newport, judiciary, engrossed acts; Clarke of Jamestown, militia; Peckham of Middletown, militia; Anthony of Portsmouth, labor, fisheries, printing; Gifford of Tiverton, agriculture; Lewis of New Shoreham, corporations, fisheries. Representative Robert S. Burlingame was appointed deputy speaker.

The governor has nominated Dr. Philip E. Clark to be police commissioner of Newport to succeed Col. John H. Wetherell. The Senate will take up the matter of confirmation next week. There have been some new bills introduced, among them being a bill providing for a pension for public school teachers. The Democratic members of the House have introduced a flood of bills, one providing that no member of the Assembly shall be eligible for election or appointment to any other office. Another is for a change in the method of electing a United States Senator.

The Governor's appointment of Richard Boardman of Tiverton to be police commissioner of that town has been confirmed by the Senate.

The best thing about the pyramid, and the sphinx is that they show no trace of earthquake.

Taxation of Incomes.

The question of the taxation of incomes seems to be coming to the foreground again. It will be remembered that the President in his annual message took the ground that if an income tax could be devised which would be constitutional it would certainly be desirable. He seemed, however, to take the view that the tax should be imposed by national authority. A majority of the Special Tax Commission in New York seem to agree with Mr. Roosevelt as to the desirability of an income tax, but they seem prepared to recommend it as a piece of state legislation.

According to report, the commission has under consideration a bill taxing incomes above \$300 a year. Beginning at 1 per cent. on incomes between that sum and the first \$10,000 above the amount of exemption, the rate is raised progressively until a tax of 20 per cent. is reached, which is imposed upon all incomes over \$200,000 annually. This will be the most noteworthy change suggested by the commission, which, however, will recommend a number of other changes in the laws respecting taxation.

Five hundred dollars a year is too small a sum for taxation. Nothing under \$2,000 should be taxed. Incomes of over \$5,000 might well be taxed and an income of \$200,000 should contribute liberally to the expense of the government.

New Haven Electric.

It is generally understood that the building of the Boston & Providence interurban line will undoubtedly hasten the electrification of the Providence division of the New Haven road as far as Providence. The New Haven officials have had this matter under consideration for several years, and had it not been for the tunnel accident on the New York Central, leading to the popular demand for the electrification of the tunnel route, it is probable the electrical work on the Providence line would have been started before this.

As it is, the New Haven has been waiting the completion of the electrification at New York and the trying out of the new electric locomotives before going ahead with the installation of the same system on the Boston end.

The problem of electrifying the 21 miles between New York City and Stamford has been greater than originally anticipated, and, as a result, the date when the change should be made from steam to electricity has been repeatedly pushed ahead until at present it is officially estimated that it will be April 1 at least before the electric service will be in operation.

It is also reported that as soon as the tunnel under College Hill in Providence is done, which the engineer in charge says will be in the spring of 1909, solid electric trains will be run from Newport into the Union Station in Providence.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington D. C., Jan. 26, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 31 to Feb. 4, warm wave Jan. 30 to Feb. 3, cold wave Feb. 2 to 6. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 5, cross west of Rockies country by close of 6, great central valleys 7 to 9, eastern states 10. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Feb. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9. Cold wave will cross west of Rockies about Feb. 8, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12.

Very little easy going weather may be expected during Feb. and the above described disturbance will be an all around strenuous affair. First days of the month will be warm and spring-like and then immediately preceding the disturbance a moderate cold wave, warming up a little as the storm center approaches and then radical weather ending with a severe cold wave and blizzard in northern sections and a cold rain in the south.

Colder and colder will grow the weather continuing cold till near Feb. 27, with but a small rise in temperatures not far from 20, the temperatures averaging very low for the two weeks ending Feb. 25. The fall in temperatures from about Feb. 1 to 15 will be very great and then the rise will be nearly as great from Feb. 15 to 23. Nearly all the precipitation of the month will come from Feb. 5 to 16.

My predictions of high temperatures first part of January to be followed by a great fall in temperatures were well put as were also the dates given for increase and decrease in breezes or intensities of the storm features.

Moderate weather is expected about immediately following Jan. 25 and then a great high temperature wave as we approach Feb. 2. Force of storms will increase about and following Jan. 25 and the storms will be quite severe by Feb. 2. For the movements of weather features from west to east all my dates are for meridian 90 and you must count a little earlier for west of that line and a little later for east of it.

The earthquakes this year have all occurred near the dates on which I had predicted severe weather and increase in the storms. I thoroughly believe that most earthquakes are electrical shocks much of the same nature as thunder-bolts and I believe that with carefully prepared records of past earthquakes these disturbances may be successfully foretold.

Earthquakes do not occur at one-half of the new and full moons and therefore we cannot depend on the moon alone in forecasting earthquakes as has been suggested by a German scientist, but 75 per cent. of the earthquakes occur either near new or full moon and therefore the moon evidently has something to do with the earthquakes as it surely has influence on our weather.

South of a line drawn from Chicago to Dodge city and west of a line from Chicago to Pensacola, Feb. will average colder than usual; elsewhere from about to above normal temperatures. Within 400 miles of St. Louis and on the Atlantic slope north of Charleston, S. C., less than usual rain will fall in Feb., elsewhere from about to above normal rainfall may be expected.

Washington Matters.

Talk of Tariff Reform has been Revived by the Administration—Relief for the Kingston Sufferers—House Votes Increase of Salaries—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1907.

Advocates of tariff revision are intensely pleased over the way that revision talk has been revived by the speech of Secretary Root before the Foreign Trade Convention. All the agreements of the House and Senate leaders that this subject should not be brought up at the present session have gone for naught in face of the manifest interest in this matter all over the country. To be sure a minimum and maximum tariff law does not mean necessarily revision and if the stand put element has its way, it will not even mean the lowering of the tariff wall. Still, there is a chance that some concessions might be made and in this view of the case there is much interest in all quarters.

There are two propositions advanced in connection with maximum and minimum tariff. That of the stand put element is to allow the present law to remain in force and grant the President permission to increase the existing duties 25 per cent. where it is shown that American exports are being discriminated against in any country and to impose a 25 per cent. duty where such is desired even in the case of articles now on the free list.

The proposal of the revisionists on the other hand, is that the present tariff should remain the maximum rate, and in case it was wished to make a concession to a friendly country the President should be allowed to scale down the existing duties 20 per cent. This would be something like revision, but there is such a wide breach between the two factions that it is very doubtful whether anything in the way of a satisfactory compromise measure can be agreed on at the present session.

Congress has come to the front with just the promptitude that ought to be expected in forwarding relief to the Kingston earthquake sufferers. The President has issued no proclamation on the subject, but the House and the Senate rushed through a joint resolution providing for the forwarding of the steamship Cretic with supplies almost as soon as the proposal was made. There was some little discussion in the House over the technical form of the resolution, but in the Senate it was put through absolutely without debate. The American Red Cross has appropriated \$5,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and this is being rushed to Jamaica by the first steamer. All reports of the disaster agree that it is actually greater in loss of life than that at San Francisco, and the suffering of the inhabitants is the more acute seeing that they are so isolated from sources of relief. The first supplies which reach them will naturally be most welcome, and this country is in a position to give them prompt aid than any other nation. It is a satisfaction to feel that this aid is being given so quickly and generously as should be the case even to an enemy in distress, but how much more to a related and friendly people.

Seeing that the Senate was not confined to pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the House the members got hurriedly together this week and passed an increased salary bill for themselves. It was rather a funny situation. The members had most of them wanted the increase but enough, but had voted against the proposal when the legislative and judicial appropriation bill was passed. All of them got on record against the salary raise on an "Aye and No" vote. It was hoped that the Senate would insert a provision for increased salaries when the bill was passed by that body, and if this had been the case the House could have shyly acquiesced, rather under protest don't you know, at the idea of having to take the money. But the Senate was not going to force any such dire decision on them, and the bill came back with the salary increase conspicuously missing. So the House moved to nonconcur in the Senate bill and jammed the increased appropriation through without demanding a division. The chances are that the Senate will concur when the bill goes to conference, so Senators and members will hereafter get \$7500 a year and cabinet officers \$12,000.

As was to be expected, the report of Engineer Stevens on the Gatun dam which is the essential feature of the lock canal scheme at Panama, was entirely favorable, and disposes of the scarce stories to the effect that the dam could not be built as proposed. Mr. Stevens reported boring taken at the location of the dam showing that there is a good rock foundation over nearly the whole area. Experimental pits have also been sunk and these show even a better quality of rock than was indicated by the drill cores, so there is no reason why the dam cannot be built just as was proposed in the original plan.

The President wishes to take drastic measures against the railroads of the northwest, where it is claimed that coal cars are being held up in the face of a desperate fuel famine, affecting many communities. Mr. Roosevelt has been in conference with Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission and has gathered data for a special message which will soon be submitted to Congress conferring further powers upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to deal with car shortage and car congestion whenever it shall occur. Some of the reports indicate that 1500 loaded coal cars are being held up at Minneapolis pending the settlement of trivial disputes with the consignees. It is claimed that the railroads, especially the Great Northern and the Soo line, have not lived up to their promises about doing all in their power to relieve the shortage, and the President wishes to be in a position where executive orders in an emergency of this sort can be rigorously enforced.

A Good Investment.

Capital to the amount of \$22,285,179 is invested in the summer resort business of the State of New Hampshire, according to the biennial report of the State Bureau of Labor. Summer residences and cottages alone represent an investment of \$11,327,879, while \$8,693,000 is invested in the larger hotels and boarding houses. The money put into summer liveries is estimated at \$1,261,300 and the summer navy, including the lake steamers and power launches, represents a capital of \$1,000,000. Wages paid in connection with the business amount to \$504,217, of which the female gets \$393,403. There are 14,337 men employes altogether.

Summer people left behind them last year \$7,510,376 in cash among the resort

proprietors. For railroad fares \$1,076,000 was paid, while the steamboat companies on the lakes netted for the past season \$111,000. In new hotels, residences and improvements there is shown an outlay of \$1,700,000 and many think that the old home week movement has been largely instrumental in this increase. That nearly the whole States share in this great business which lasts for so much a part of the year is shown by the fact that but 17 towns reported no summer boarders, while 218 entertained guests.

Two Barges Lost.

Last Sunday high winds and terrific seas prevailed in all the waters along this coast and the shipping that was obliged to be out in the bad weather had a hard time of it until refuge was reached. One of the most thrilling stories of long battle with the tempest was that related by the crew of a tug and two barges who arrived in Providence last Monday. Their fight for life was a heroic one and the interest in the story is increased when it is said that among the survivors of the awful trip were two small children who were rescued from the sinking vessel by being drawn through the raging water in canvas bags.

The tug Buccaneer was on her way from Baltimore to Providence, having in tow the barges Annie M. Ashe and Montana, each having a full complement of men, and in addition there were on the Ashe as passengers the wife and two small children of the captain.

When about ten miles northeast of Fire Island the Ashe was seen to be sinking, and immediate efforts were made to rescue those on board. The hawser was cut from the tug and the barge was anchored. Then the tug was maneuvered around to leeward and a dory was floated down from the barge. Then the two children were placed in canvas bags and were drawn through the water from the barge to the tug and safely hauled on board. After that the woman and men were taken from the barge and it soon afterward went to the bottom.

The tug and the remaining barge, the Montana, continued on their way to Narragansett Bay, but were not destined to reach here safely. Off Block Island the barge was found to be in a dangerous condition and it was apprehended for the night in the lee of the island. When morning broke the barge was on the verge of sinking and the captain and crew launched the dory and started for the tug. It was a dangerous trip but they finally gained the tug in safety and were hauled aboard. The Montana soon sank, and the Buccaneer headed for Providence where she arrived Monday afternoon.

The passengers and crew of both barges feel that they owe their lives to the courage and skill of Captain Thomas O. Moon of the Buccaneer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr are in London.

Births.

In this city, January 23, 1907, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sidney Howard.

Deaths.

At her home, 131 Church street, 23th inst., Mrs. Anna M. H. Johnson, widow of Samuel S. Johnson, in the 84th year of her life. In this city, 23rd inst., Cecelia, wife of Julius Lutz, daughter of the late Baltimore and Mary Schoenfelder.

In New York, 22d inst., Dorothy, infant daughter of Edward F. and Catherine Curran, and grandchild of Thomas and the late Catherine M. Dowd, of 11 Potter street, this city.

For Sale.

A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.

This is an excellent house with over 5,000 square feet of land. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-the-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and
Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
Telephone No. 525.

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Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets
Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GLOVER'S signature is on each box, 25c.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR BRUISES.
FOR TORMID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Genuine Fac-Simile Wrapper.
Price 25 Cents. Entirely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY STANDARD TIME.

	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
26 Sat	7 17 5 9	4 21 6 31	1 5 60				
27 Sun	7 16 5 10	6 49 6 12	5 40				
28 Mon	7 15 5 11	0 39 6 40	7 18				
29 Tues	7 14 5 12	0 26 7 28	7 58				
30 Wed	7 13 5 13	0 20 8 07	8 42				
31 Thurs	7 12 5 14	0 27 8 47	9 18				
1 Fri	7 11 5 15	0 30 9 23	9 53				

Last quarter, 7th day, 9h. 57m., evening.
New Moon, 14th day, 0h. 37m., morning.
First quarter, 21st day, 2h. 42m., morning.
Full Moon, 28th day, 8h. 51m., morning.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles
Druggists are authorized to refund money if
PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 1
days. 50c

CLEVELAND HOUSE.

27 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for Permanent or Transient Guests. Having all modern improvements and conveniences.

No throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water.
Electricity and gas in each room.
Modern plumbing.
Hardwood finish, enameled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.

\$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

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Cornelius Moriarty,

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TRAINING STATION,
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BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, if you are tired at once by a comparatively small amount of work, the prescriptions that were on Great Health & Co.'s are now on file in my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Ocular prescriptions given personal attention.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath in each.
Rates, 50 up. Special Rates by the Week.
2-21 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

Elya's Chaperon

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Copyright, 1906, by E. O. Parcell

Mrs. James Dix was looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the morning's brightness of the Tuilleries gardens when the boy in the hotel lift brought her a cablegram.

It was a message from her lord and master in Chicago declaring that her immediate presence was required. At once all the brightness faded out of the Tuilleries, for the frivolous gaiety of Paris had been especially attractive to this pretty, easy going, good natured matron of the west.

"But, mother, you'll have to go alone. It'll be a whole month before my singing lessons are finished, you know," broke in Elya, who was having her flaxen hair shampooed by a real Parisian hairdresser.

Mrs. Dix clasped her ring bedecked, pudgy hands. She always clasped her hands when she agreed about anything. "You'll have to have a chaperon, of course, dear," she added. "Now, who can we get on such a little notice?"

There was silence for a moment, while the left fingers of the hairdresser ran through the flaxen hair with a soothing touch. Then Elya's girlish voice sounded in a delightful treble:

"Oh, mother! I know the very person. She's terribly nice and awfully ladylike" (Elya always emphasized her adverbs and used indelicate terms at that), "and she's an American, and that's the best of all—ouch!" In her eagerness she'd turned her head a bit too suddenly, and some soap had got in her sapphire eyes.

"Oh, I know who you mean," helped out Mrs. Dix, while her daughter struggled with the soap. "You mean Miss Clemmens, the governess to that little English boy who died last week? Yes, she's looking for another engagement, that's true. And she certainly is a lady."

So Miss Dorothy Clemmens of New York was engaged to chaperon Elya Dix for a month in Paris and then bring her back to America.

To console herself for her mother's departure, Elya had Miss Clemmens secure tickets for that night's opera. She sat in a box in her young beauty set off by a \$200 Paquin gown and serenely allowed the audience to stare.

Already she was learning that the mission of the beauty is to support mollusks, and to be stared at. Behind her, robed in some soft, inexpensive gray stuff, with a narrow white lace collar, sat her chaperon.

The opera was "Siegfried," the scherzo of Wagner's great symphony, as Lavigne has called it. Upon Miss Clemmens' music paroled soul (she'd not heard an opera for over a year) it fell like gracious dew and fetched a sweet refreshment. When the orchestra tells the mood of Siegfried in the second act, feeling the first fire of awakened passion, her eyes shone like stars, her lips parted slightly, and just at that juncture a man in the audience caught her perfect profile as she leaned slightly forward.

That same look, downward and sideways and smiling! That exquisite head in its cloud of wavy dark hair! Paul Demarest brushed away the years that had blurred it all, and then suddenly he remembered. Yes, he remembered. Oh, it was so long ago, so many years ago!

And she was in the same box with that gay little butterfly, that American girl, Elya Dix. Bless Elya Dix! It was the first time he had ever felt grateful to her. He would make his way to her box at the end of the second act.

"Why, Mr. Demarest! I'm awfully glad to see you! I honestly didn't think you'd forgotten me. And I'm all alone now—mother snuffed unexpectedly for home this morning—and I'm all alone now," Elya greeted him in her young untamed effusiveness as he entered the box.

"All alone?" he questioned gravely. "Well, there's Miss Clemmens here, my chaperon. By the way, she's an American too. Miss Clemmens, Mr. Demarest. You've heard mother speak of him, I'm sure. Oh, here come Dickie Marston and Bob Sawyer! How terribly jolly!" Elya reached out her daintily gloved hand to greet two newcomers.

They were of the aggressive type, these two English chaps, and in a few seconds Demarest made his way to Miss Clemmens in the rear.

"Do you know, Miss Clemmens," he began curiously, "the last time I saw you were your hair in two braids, and I wrote a poem and dedicated it to the curls at the end."

His voice and mouth were grave, but there was a smiling gleam in his eyes. Miss Clemmens glanced rather blankly from beneath her heavy lashes at this man well under forty.

"I think," she began, with a calm dignity befitting her position—but just then, on the very second word of reproval, a flash of understanding radiated over her tired, lovely face. "You—surely you're not Prince Paul?"

"The very same—princess," "You—surely you're not Prince Paul?" Paul Demarest bowed very low.

"But—why Demarest?" pursued Miss Clemmens, with puzzled uncertainty.

"A grand-memo over here without any closer issue left me his money and estates, providing I'd take his name in the bargain. I took them all." The light rafter in the voice changed to seriousness. "But I'd have known you, princess, if you went by any name under heaven."

"For pity's sake!" dropped she. Then she added with a wistful dignity: "But I must have changed a deal since then. That was nearly twelve years ago. Just fancy!"

"I don't see the changes," said he gallantly. "To me you're just the same."

But, oh, how that she looked—his gay, light hearted little princess! And how he longed to fold her protectingly in his arms! The white divergence in that moment between what this man wished to do and what he did do stands for civilization.

"Do you remember, Miss Clemmens, the way we used to have on Long Island sound?" he asked constrainedly, picking up the fun which she had dropped. Remember? The Parisian opera house and the hum of chattering voices faded away. In their place came the big, blue sound covered with white sails, and no voice save that of "Prince Paul" teaching her the "Marseillaise" in French. Oh, what a voice he had! And the salt spray was again on her tanned cheek, the wind blowing through her hair—

"Once upon a time," began Paul Demarest, "there was a young chap with a lot of ideas and ambitions and that sort of thing who went to spend a summer in a quiet little place on Long Island. It seemed absurdly, irritatingly quiet to him until he met—a princess. She didn't wear a crown, except her glorious dark hair, whose flaxen tendrils the wind was always blowing away, and she wasn't followed about by a court chamberlain, but she had the dearest, most loving father I ever knew. Well, the princess was quite five years younger than the man, but they read together and sang together and sailed together, and when he was suddenly called away to France he purposed coming back one day when he was an independent person and claiming the little princess. He didn't get back as quickly as he had hoped. When he did, he found that she had flown, and he could find no trace of her."

When the low, mesmeric voice had finished, Dorothy Clemmens looked up with startled eyes. The lambent flame in them met an answering flash in his.

"Father died the year I graduated," she said unthinkingly. "We had to give up our old home, and ever since I've been putting what little learning I'd gained to use—teaching the young mind, etc. Incidentally now I'm chaperoning, as you see." She gave a vague, graceful little motion with her slim hand, which included Elya, the two English chaps and part of the stage.

"Back in that little spot on Long Island," went on her companion eagerly, "the sea is just as blue as ever, I'm sure. And the white sails are there, and—don't you think, princess, if we went back we might find fairyland?"

Just here the orchestra took up the superb strophe of "The Decision of Love," and there was the general stir in the house of people getting ready for the third act.

When at the end of the month Elya Dix sailed for America, Miss Dorothy Clemmens sailed with her as Paul Demarest's fiancée.

"But isn't it terribly funny, mother," said Elya as she unpacked her Parisian finery, "to think of my coming back from gay Paris quite unengaged and my chaperon with a prize on her string?"

And Mrs. James Dix clasped her ring bedecked, plump hands in acquiescence.

Lincoln's Mental Powers.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid, and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had when a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings and in May, 1840, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi river experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the patent office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Growth In Rest.

Growth is predominantly a function of rest. Work is chiefly an energy expending and tearing down process. Rest following work is chiefly a building up and growing process. Work may furnish the conditions under which subsequent growth may occur, but in itself it is destructive. By work we do things in the world, but we do not grow by work. We grow during rest. Rest is not the only condition of growth, but it is one of the essential conditions. The best work that most of us do is not begun in our offices or at our desks, but when we are wandering in the woods or sitting quietly with undirected thoughts. From somewhere at such times there flash into our minds those ideas that direct and control our lives, visions of how to do that which previously had seemed impossible, new aspirations, hopes and desires. Work is the process of realization. The careful balance and the great ideas come largely during quiet and without being sought. The man who never takes time to do nothing will hardly do great things. He will hardly have epoch making ideas or stimulating ideas.—World's Work.

Motor Roller Skates.

Motor roller skates have been invented by a Paris engineer. Each skate has its own motor, and the oil tank is fastened on the back of the skater. The apparatus for controlling the speed and for starting and stopping is attached to the belt. It is a compact outfit, and the user can skate along a country road at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. They may take the place of the bicycle.

Where He Made His Hit.

"I was going down town that awful slippery day when a big boy maliciously bumped into me."

"Did you smile him?"

"No, I snote the ice."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CASTORIA.

It's the Kind You Have Always Bought.

Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

St. Charles Wyndham was educated by his father for the ministry and was sent to a Moravian school in Germany for that purpose.

The Duke of Bedford has presented Lord Taxis, his eldest son, with a silver mounted motor car for his use while at Oxford university.

Lord York, who has entered his forty-sixth year, enjoys two earldoms, two viscounties and three baronies in the peerage of Ireland, but he has no seat in that country and is himself of English descent.

Many kindred of George Washington, our first president, dwell on and about the original Washington plantation in Westmoreland county, Va. The present occupant of the plantation is named George Washington.

William J. Bryan has recently published a book relative to his world tour, in which he defends the missionary propaganda and summarizes his impressions of American missions abroad in a way most favorable to this enterprise.

Henry G. Davis, the vice presidential candidate, will build a Presbyterian church to cost \$50,000 at Cassaway, W. Va. "The Davis Memorial Presbyterian church at Elkins, W. Va., was built by Mr. Davis for his son, who was drowned off the coast of Africa.

Representative John E. Andrus of New York, the richest man in congress, gladdened the hearts of the page boys, doorknockers and most of the other employees of the national house by giving them each a brand new two dollar bill as a Christmas gift.

A. A. Thatcher of Washington has in his possession the anvil upon which the armor of Captain John Smith, the hero of the early English settlers in Virginia, was forged. This anvil was also used for forging some of the parts of the first temple built in Nauvoo, Ill. The date on the steel of the anvil is 1403.

Although John D. Rockefeller has been generally considered the richest man in the United States, this is disputed by certain people, who claim to know and give credit to Frederick Weyerhaeuser of St. Paul, a reclusive, who owns, they claim, timber tracts in the northwest worth at least a billion dollars. Weyerhaeuser was born in Germany in 1831 and came to this country as an immigrant.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Tucks diagonal, cross, horizontal, wide and narrow are a feature of all the silk blouses.

Neck of all kinds continue among the most popular materials both for separate waists and evening gowns, with stripes, brocade, bias and vertical as novelties.

In the new mode the front and sides of the gown are princess, with the back empire, and the result is one of the most charming designs we have had in many a season.

Pink belts make a charming addition to a silk lingerie blouse when it is worn with a short skirted suit. They are especially attractive with the simple harness buckles which are so much in vogue just now.

Very few plain sleeves are noted even where the gown itself is comparatively simple, and where the costume makes any pretensions at all to dressiness the sleeves are often the most elaborate part of it.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

London's net municipal debt amounts to over £14,000,000.

There are over 30,000 brass bands in England, comprising 250,000 musicians.

At a new mill opened in Radcliffe recently employment has been found for a family of ten sisters. They reside with a widowed mother.

For 30 cents in the house of commons restaurant a member of parliament gets a chop, potatoes, bread and a bottle of ale, all of the best quality.

A monster trumpet which was used to summon the people to church in the early part of the last century is still to be seen at Braybrooke church, England. It is sixty-six inches long.

The bootmakers of Leicester and Northampton, England, are now cataloging ladies' sizes up to eights, and one of them says he has a special demand for sevens and eights for girls.

NEW YORK CITY.

There are fifty-two medical societies in New York city.

Automobiles owned in New York city have cost \$70,000,000.

The average age of persons arrested in New York city during 1906 was twenty-three years.

New York city claims as waste and disposes of fifty tons of condemned fruit of varying character each day.

If the immigrants landing in New York city during the last year had come at the same time, it would have required a fleet of 121 vessels, each one carrying 1,000 passengers.—New York Herald.

Thrift In England.

The statistics of British savings show noteworthy progress. In the past fifteen years the depositors in the post office savings banks have doubled in number from less than 5,000,000 to 10,000,000, and the ratio of depositors to population has increased from 1 in 7 to 1 in 4.35. Deposits have increased from \$26,100,000 to \$740,245,181 and the number of post office banks from 10,000 to 15,000.

The scope of the bank has been enlarged, so that a larger amount can be deposited in any one year than heretofore, and the total deposit of any one individual may aggregate \$93,330. The British postal savings system is thus shown to be highly successful as an incentive to popular thrift.—Chicago Journal.

DREAM THEORIES.

Mental Disease Versus the "Subliminal Self" Hypothesis.

The great advance in the study of dreams, as indeed in psychology generally, was made by those modern philosophers who discovered that we could throw light on mental sanity by means of mental disease. It is not pleasant to think that in dreams we become more akin to the insane, yet such is the theory that has been lately advanced, and which obviously has a good deal to say for itself. Sanity means precisely the possession of that will, intelligence and concentration which prevent us from being victims of pronounced and disorderly images. In the visions of the night will, intelligence, powers of discrimination, arrangement, attention, all tend to disappear. We are no longer active; we are purely passive, undergoing experiences which we cannot control. And this is precisely the state of those who, through whatever cause, have lost the key of intelligent perception, have become hysterical, neurasthenic, insane.

Meanwhile, for those who dislike to ignore an interpretation and want some theory more dignified and high sounding, there exists that hypothesis of the "subliminal self," of which W. H. Myers and other spiritualists make so much use in their interesting volumes. One part of our mental consciousness is clear, explicit, giving us the ordinary materials for each day's experience as it comes. Another part of consciousness, so we are told, lies below the threshold. It is not conscious, but subconscious. The records of past, half realized experience, the heritage to us of our forefathers' knowledge or mental habits, the accumulated materials of human intelligence from many periods of history form the supposed contents of this subliminal self. When we are awake we are using the explicit and conscious mind; when we sleep or dream we fall back on the subconscious mind, the vague, indeterminate region of impressions and fancies which serve as an obscure background to waking life.—London Telegraph.

The Men Who Win.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," remarked a police captain the other afternoon while he was discussing the many recent gambling raids. "There is one man in Manhattan who will net almost \$50,000 out of the raids, and he is now hoping the crusade will continue until after he has 'cashed in' himself. The men most pleased with these raids are those closest to the proprietors of gaming houses. The more numerous and successful the raids, the more delighted are these friends of the gamblers. Why? Well, the men who manufacture the gambling paraphernalia are keeping their shops working night and day. That stuff, such as roulette tables, poker chips and all the other devices used in a first class gambling house, you know, isn't cheap, and there's big profit in it. The more smashing and burning the police do, so much better for the trade, which is in a few hands."—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Japanese Salaries.

Translated into American monetary equivalents, the commanding general of the Japanese army, when serving with the colors, receives a salary of \$1,500 and a commission for extraordinary expenses of an equal amount. This brings his pay up to \$3,000 a year. In the same way a lieutenant general receives \$2,000, a major general \$1,575, a colonel \$1,176, a major \$612 and a captain \$320. The salary given to officers in the navy corresponds closely to that paid to those serving in the army. Admiral Togo's salary is \$3,000 a year. Vice admirals are paid \$2,000, rear admirals \$1,650 and captains \$1,245. The pay of the junior lieutenants is \$300 and that of the midshipmen \$222. On this basis of expenditure it is apparent that in Japan the outgo which a war involves comes much more in the cost of the materials than in the salaries of the officers and the pay of the men.—Boston Transcript.

The Chinese Army.

Dr. Morrison, the well known correspondent of the London Times at Peking, went to see the recent maneuvers of the modernized Chinese army in the neighborhood of Changfeng. He describes them as a repetition of the performance of last year—a set piece carefully prepared long before-hand by a number of Japanese advisers. The inefficiency of the officers is still conspicuous and the field training of the men inadequate, but the material is good. Dr. Morrison affirms that without Japanese to direct affairs the contending armies would have been little better than a rabble.

The New Mississippi Bridge.

Barings 1,000 feet deep in New Orleans have encountered nothing more solid than mud, sand and a little thin clay; hence the problem of making safe foundations for the piers of a gigantic railroad bridge which is soon to be built across the Mississippi near the city is a hard one for engineering science. The piers will rest on timber caissons, each measuring over 40 feet by 124 and 110 feet high. The bottoms of these caissons will be 170 feet below the surface of the river.

How Herring Grow.

Some new facts concerning the herring are contained in the scientific section of the annual report of the fishery board for Scotland. According to a paper by Dr. Wemyss Fulton, certain theories as to the growth and age of the fish which have been accepted for the last quarter of a century are not well founded. It now appears that the herring is a fish of slow growth and is barely two and one-quarter inches in length when one year old. It does not reach maturity and spawn until five years old and is then of an average length of nine and three-eighths inches. Herrings over twelve inches long, like the large Loch Fyne fish, may be ten years old and more, and the large specimens that are occasionally caught, measuring from fourteen to fifteen inches, are probably over fifteen years old and may be twenty.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It cures Croup, Colic, Wind Colic, Teething Troubles and all Bowels. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 23 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ANOTHER.

She called me "Jack," but instantly she blushed and said she could not say it to me. And she said she would not say it to me. She meant not to have spoken so—All which I was not slow to see.

What were my feelings? Well, I'm free to say I felt no great degree of heart expanding bliss, although she called me "Jack!"

It seemed to be a mystery. Until I thought of John Supplee. Was he her "Jack?" I'd like to know? You see, my given name is Joe. That's why she blushed when thoughtlessly.

She called me "Jack!"

—T. A. Daily in Catholic Standard & Times.

How He Beat Her.

"You say he beats his wife every night?"

"Yes."

"Isn't he ashamed of it?"

"No; he's proud of it. She's an awfully good penitentiary player, you see, but she can't touch him."—Cleveland Leader.

Yes, No—What?

In the gallery of the house of representatives one afternoon last winter two visitors from a western state fell to talking of their newly elected representative.

"I ain't been here but a day," said one of the visitors, "as I ain't had a chance to hear the old man make a speech. Great Scott, how he used to go after them trusts when he was making his run for the house! Been giving it to 'em pretty lively, I reckon, since he come to the house."

"Well," was the doubtful reply of the other Missourian, "I don't know so much about that. It appears to me that he's kinder short like in his speeches. I've been hangin' round for five or six days, and I ain't heard him say much."

"If he did speak you may be sure it was to the point," confidently added the first visitor.

"I reckon you're right there," said the other. "His speeches is brief, all right. I've heard him five times. Three times he says 'aye' and twice he says 'no.'—Hidgway's.

Awakening Him.

The honeymoon was over and the euphoric was bare.

"Don't worry, darling," said the romantic husband as he opened the piano. "Remember, music is the food of love."

The practical little wife shook her head.

"But if you really think music is the food of love," she responded, "perhaps you can stop around and get the butcher to give you a beefsteak for a mere song."

Then the long haired genius woke up.—Toussaint Post.

Bad Child.

"You appear to have quite a bad cold, Mr. Klasmann," said the hostess sympathetically.

"Yes," replied the guest, with a cough. "It's settled in my chest, and it's quite tight."

"Yes," put in the hostess' little boy, "pa was tellin' us you was tight chested."—Catholic Standard and Times.

One Discouraged Note.

Ruffan Wratz—The idea of your claimin' to be overworked, ye durned old hobo!

"Tut-tut! Fifty times a day I try to explain how it is that I don't get no employment when the country is just runnin' over wit' prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.

Contin't Fool Her.

He (after the refusal)—Had I been rich perhaps your answer would have been quite different.

She—Perhaps.

He—But poverty is no crime.

She—Oh, yes it is—and the punishment is hard labor.—Detroit Tribune.

The Real Sages.

Howells—After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion.

Growells—Ah! But the really wise man simply can't do it.

Howells—Why not?

Growells—Because they've been dead for years.—Philadelphia Press.

Fine Distinction.

"Baldwin" protested Ranibo, hanging back, "you don't think I'm too drunk to go home alone, do you?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Baldwin, hurrying him along. "You're insufficiently sober, that's all."—Chicago Tribune.

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In connection with

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH

LEAVE NEWPORT—Wednesdays and Sundays, at 9:15 p. m. Return from New York Steamers leave Pier 15, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 8:00 p. m., due at Newport at 2:15 p. m., leaving there at 3:15 p. m., for Fall River.

For tickets and steerage apply at New York City, 222 Broadway, Express office, 222 Thaumast Street, J. J. Greene, Ticket Agent. The New England Navigation Co. C. C. GAUDINER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between Fall River and New York at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. Return from BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Saturdays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Sundays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Mondays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Tuesdays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Wednesdays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Thursdays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Fridays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Saturdays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Sundays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Mondays, 6:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. On Tuesdays, 6:50 A. M., 11:

HUMOR

WIT OF THE WORLD.

Humor From Germany, Austria and England.

Elderly Spinster—You may believe it or not, but a king has laid his feet on a chair. I fell out of your hand at cards, I suppose.—*Simplicissimus.*

Lady—Of course you don't really think me very young?
He—I do, indeed. If I were a railway official, I should let you travel on a child's ticket.—*Figaro.*

Uncle—And how are you getting on at school?
Fritz—Oh, all right, except arithmetic, and that hurts awfully.—*Figaro.*

Tourist—Are we not near the falls?
Guide—Quite near. As soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar.—*Wiener Caricatures.*

Jones, after fishing for five hours, at length has a life.
Affable Little Stranger (inspecting catch)—Oh, I say, how splendid, or is it all?—*Glasgow Herald.*

Governor of Prison—In what trade were you before you were convicted?
Prisoner—I was a cellist in an orchestra.

Governor—Well, then we'll set you to work sawing wood.—*Simplicissimus.*

A motor car proceeding down Regent street the other day suddenly dashed into the window of a wig-maker's. It is reported that several of the wigs had hairbreadth escapes.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Prison Chaplain (preaching on Sunday in the prison chapel)—I am so delighted, my dear brethren, to see you assembled here in such goodly numbers.—*Figaro.*

Martyr.
The multimillionaire was in great agony when he found he would probably be compelled to die rich.

"Money," he exclaimed piteously; "nothing but money! Is it not a punishment?"

"Yes," replied the beggar at the gate, "and I call it capital punishment. Suppose you give me your wealth and die a happy man?"

But the multimillionaire shook his head.

"No," he answered dolefully, "when a man is condemned to capital punishment he generally deserves it, so I shall take my medicine like a man."

And then he called out his \$10,000 'buildings' and drove the beggar off the premises.—*Chicago News.*

Preserving His Taste.
In his early boarding house days in Kansas City Eugene Field was invited to dine at a hospitable house where the best of everything was to be found. Some delicious strawberries were passed. Field gazed at them longingly, but shook his head.

"Why, Field," said his host in surprise, "don't you like strawberries?"

"I do not," he replied.

"Then why don't you take some?"

"I'm afraid," said the poet sadly, "that if I did they'd spoil my appetite for prunes."—*Ridgway's.*

A Conversational Demand.
"Why don't you try to make yourself agreeable?" asked the reproving friend.

"My dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "the desire to be agreeable is what has spoiled my disposition. You can't make yourself agreeable to some people without saying things about others."—*Washington Star.*

Where Patience Ended.
"Haw, haw, haw! Good joke! Why will New York's fifty-story building be fifty-one when it falls down?"

"I don't see."

"If it falls, that would be another story, wouldn't it? Haw, haw! Ouch!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Because He Needs Them.
Jack (in restaurant)—What are you going to order, Algie?

Algie—Some calf brains, for one thing.

Jack—Still trotting in the cannibal class, I see.—*Detroit Tribune.*

He Knew.
Astronomers long since came to the conclusion that the moon's surface is very hot during the height of the lunar day, which, as will be remembered, lasts two weeks, and very cold during the lunar night, which is equally long. These extremes of temperature reach their height at the lunar noon and midnight and are greater than any natural temperatures on the earth.

The Gaffer.
Dottie (to caddy, searching for lost ball)—What are you looking there for? Why, I must have driven it fifty yards farther! Diplomatic Caddy—But sometimes they hit a stone, sir, and bounce back a terrible distance.

Willow to See.
Mrs. Enpee.—The philosophers tell us that blessings often come to us in disguise. Mr. Enpee (with a sudden show of spirit)—Maria, when are you going to unmask?

The Pale.
Little Margie (reading)—What is the 'pale of civilization?' Tommy? Small Tommy—Oh, some new brand of face powder, I suppose.

The Root of all Discontent is self love.—*Clarke.*

News to Him.
"The beauty of this great and glorious republic," said the American proudly, "is that any boy born here may become president."

"Fawcett!" exclaimed the British tourist. "I was under the impression that the president had to be at least forty years of age."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Nobody Else to Look Like.
She—Sir, Dudgeon is looking more like himself, don't you think? Chappie—Ya-as. His twin brother is dead.—*Puck.*

England's Historic Miser.

John Camden Neild, whose magnificent bequest to Queen Victoria supplied the funds out of which the prince consort built the present Balmora castle, deserves a place among the great misers and was as remarkable a man as any of them. He was educated at Eton and Trinity college, Cambridge, and was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn. At the age of thirty-four his father's death placed him in possession of a fortune of £250,000, and from that moment he became a confirmed miser. Neild lived at 5 Cheyne walk, Chelsea. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old women, who did his chores, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above taking a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stagecoach, and there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping, for he never wore a greatcoat, an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers.

Lincoln's Rebuke.

The saying that there are few honest lawyers did not hold true in the case of Lincoln. A man once called to return him on a suit.

"State your case," said honest Abe. The man did, and then Lincoln said: "I cannot represent you, for you are wrong, and the other party is right."

"That is none of your business if I employ you," said the client.

"Pardon me," said the man who afterward became president; "my business is never to defend wrong. I never take a case that is manifestly wrong."

"Well, but you can make trouble for the other fellow."

"Yes," said Lincoln, "I can set a whole community at loggerheads. I can make trouble for this widow and her fatherless children and by so doing get you \$500 that rightfully belongs to her, but I won't do it."

"Not if I pay you well?"

"Not for all the money you are worth," was the reply.

A Warrior Too.

The wooden boards that had marked the graves in a certain rural cemetery rotted off and were raked up in the spring cleaning. Consequently on Memorial day, when the delegation from the G. A. R. arrived with flags and appropriate floral decorations for their departed comrades the decorating committee found itself somewhat in doubt as to which grave belonged to Captain Blodgett and which to Hannah Erlson. The mistaken delegates heaped their offerings upon Hannah's last resting place and departed. That afternoon Ericson, the widower, drifted with the rest of his world, to the cemetery. When he saw the flag and the flowers above Hannah the astonished Swede fell to chuckling joyously.

"Well," he exclaimed delightedly, "these fallen brave poety smart too! Ay tank dat for all right and som gode yoke on Hannah—he vor poety guide fighter herself!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Devonshire Terrace.

Dickens was twenty-seven years old when, in 1839, he moved from Doughty street to Devonshire terrace. George de Maurier lived for some years in Devonshire terrace. In this celebrated house Dickens wrote no fewer than ten of his books—"The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "The Christmas Carol," "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Hated Man," "The Battle of Life," "Domby and Son," "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "David Copperfield." Devonshire terrace was situated at the corner of the Marylebone road and used to be called the smallest terrace in London.

It Varied.

The late Judge Saunders of North Carolina was noted as an angler, but he had a poor memory as to the weight of the fish he had taken. On one occasion a friend, trying to entrap him, said, "Say, Judge, what was the weight of that big catfish you caught the other day?"

The judge, turned to his waiter and said, "Bob, what did I say that catfish weighed?"

"What time yesterday, boss—in de mawin', at dinner or after supper?"

The Moon.

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Cynthia's Woosers.

The old lady drew her chair a little closer to the old man.

"I sent for you to come over, Brother Ned," she said, in carefully modulated tones, "to have a little family consultation. I want to talk to you about Cynthia."

"Oh, Cynthia. What about Cynthia? Ain't comin' down with anything, is she?"

"No, no. She's got two beaux."

"Well, Ned, both of 'em are in doubt."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The old man's face suddenly wrinkled."

"Well, that's all the law allows, ain't it?" he chuckled.

"Come, Ned, we've got to look at this matter in a serious light. It's our duty to do the best we can for Cynthia. We promised brother James we would. If there's danger of Cynthia making a poor choice it's our duty to try to set her right."

"Then you don't think much of these two fellows?"

"One of 'em I don't. The other is Cy Hobson."

"Yes. He's a sewing machine agent. Doing real well, too."

"He comes of good money-making stock."

"That's right. And he ain't going to peddle sewing machines forever. He's promised a chance to be the agent of the company over at Bracerville."

"Who's the other fellow?"

"He's a choofer. He drives an auty-mob."

"You mean a chuffer. Well, what about him?"

"I don't know. He's just a young fellow that's runnin' some rich man's auty and he's happened to see Cynthia outside one day, when he broke down, and he asked her if he couldn't have some water, and he's broke down twice since. And every time he's wanted something."

"The old man looked thoughtful. 'And Cynthia is always round in time for the accidents, is she?'"

"She has been, so far."

"And you don't think a choofer is good enough for Cynthia, eh?"

"No, I don't. But I've known Cy Hobson since he was a boy, and I don't think Cynthia could do better."

"And what does Cynthia think?"

"She'd be all right if this choofer hadn't come around."

The sound of a mellow horn came from the highway.

"It's that choofer," said the old lady. "There, he's stoppin'. Broke down agin, I s'pose. And there's Cynthia comin' down the driveway. See him laughin'. I tell you this ain't a goin' to do, Ned. That girl's got to finish her cherrin'! Well, well, look at that! He's backin' that machine up the driveway."

"That's a fine car," said the old man. "See there, Cynthia's bringin' him a rope. He's fastenin' it to the machine. There, he's gone back with the other end of it. Now, they're both out of sight."

"Don't get excited, Jane."

"Well, I don't like these mysterious doings. There they are. I declare if Cynthia isn't getting into the seat."

"Hark!" cried the old man.

They could hear the soft rumble of the engine, and then, mingled with it, came a steady splash, splash, splash.

The old man suddenly chuckled.

"Well, if that ain't blessed clever," he cried. "The boy has harnessed up the dog treadmill to the auty-mob, and he's makin' it do the cherrin'! What do you think of that?"

The old lady smiled.

"I don't think much of it, and I guess the man that owns the auty-mob ain't goin' to think much of it, either."

She suddenly turned on the old man. "See here, Brother Ned, you've got to assert yourself. If Cynthia's going to marry Cy Hobson this other thing's got to stop—and I s'pose as promised Cy he could have her."

The old man suddenly frowned.

"Tell you what I'll do, Jane. I'll invite Cynthia to come over to our house and stay a week or ten days. Then I'll keep her out of the way. Then he added, 'I want you to leave all this to me, Jane.'"

The next morning Cynthia departed for her Uncle Ned's comfortable farmhouse a dozen miles away. Scarcely an hour after Cynthia's departure, the mellow horn was heard in the highway. But there was no Cynthia to answer the summons.

A few hours later there was another caller, a young man with a self-assured air, a light blue necktie and a broad-rimmed, gray hat.

"Howdy, Aunt Jane," he cried as he opened the door. "Where's Cynthia?"

"She's gone to her Uncle Ned's to spend a few days."

The young man's face clouded a little. "That's too bad," he said. "I wanted to ask her to the spellin' bee at Henry Thompson's next Friday night."

"That is too bad," said Aunt Jane. "Can't you drive over and ask her?"

"Nope," the young man replied as he backed from across the porch. "I'm too busy. Sold three machines last week. Got one in my wagon now that I'm drivin' to Aunt Truly Grimsdon. Tell Cynthia I was sorry I couldn't see her. Good-by."

Four days later Aunt Jane was surprised to receive another call from Cy Hobson.

"Cynthia ain't home yet, Cy," she called.

"I didn't s'pose she was," he answered.

There was a moment's silence.

"Business pretty good, Cy?"

"I can't complain."

"It takes a good head to tend to your business, Cy. Been over to see Cynthia yet?"

"No, I haven't. He paused and slowly shook his head. 'I saw her though.'"

"Saw Cynthia? Where?"

"Bout three miles 'tother side of the village, in an automobile."

Aunt Jane drew a quick breath. "I wonder what Brother Ned will say to that?" she cried.

"Well, he seemed to be tinkin' it pretty coolly, on the back seat of the car behind Cynthia. They were all laughin' when I passed by. Guess they didn't see me."

Aunt Jane nodded with slow dignity. "I can't understand about Ned's behavior. Why, he seemed to favor you right along. Well, I'm going to drive over to my brother's this very afternoon, and I'll bring Cynthia back with me."

Early that afternoon an erect old lady driving a stout horse attached to a phaeton was halted at a turn in the road by a big touring car. The horse arose on his hind legs, but before he could leap the driver of the car jumped down, caught the scared brute and quieted him. The old lady sat bolt upright during the performance. Now she spoke.

"I've come to bring you home, Cynthia," she said.

The girl in the car waved her hand, "I'm on my way, aunty."

Aunt Jane noted that there were three persons in the car. One was her niece, one her brother, the third was a handsomely groomed and dandified lady.

"If you will kindly turn my horse around, sir," she said to the young man, "I will be obliged to you."

"Certainly," he answered. "But I think it will be safer for you to alight. He seems strongly disposed to bolt."

With great dignity Aunt Jane stepped into the roadway, while the young man turned the horse about.

"And now," he gently suggested, "I think it would be well for me to drive your horse back to the house. He still seems inclined to make trouble. I'm familiar with horses. And I want you to take a seat in the car. My sister here has something to say to you, Mrs. Gardner Burt, Miss Radford. Miss Cynthia, will you kindly assist your aunt?"

And before she knew it Aunt Jane was bundled into the big car. As she took her seat, Cynthia ran forward and stepped into the phaeton, and an instant later the young man and she drove ahead. Aunt Jane had no time to protest.

Then the lady moved a lever and the car started at a discreet pace.

"How do you do, Jane?" a voice from the rear seat inquired.

"I'm quite well, Edward," she replied with freezing dignity.

Then the lady spoke.

"Miss Radford," she said, "I call this a fortunate meeting. We were on our way home. Miss Radford, as my brother's only immediate relative, and as the head of the family, I ask the hand of your niece for him. You will find George an exemplary young man, I am sure. His prospects are excellent. He is the owner of several inventions, and is a partner in an automobile factory that promises to do an unusually good business. He met your niece while she was at school in the city and brought her to see me. I think her a sweet and lovable girl, and we will feel much honored by the alliance."

She paused and glanced slightly at Aunt Jane's stony countenance.

The old lady looked ahead at the distant phaeton. Then she settled herself comfortably in the upholstered seat.

"I don't seem to be anything but a passenger in this affair," she stily remarked.

"But I guess meebby it's all right," W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of Washington Interest.

The February Century will be almost a Washington number, with Bishop Potter's account of "The Graves of Three Washingtons," Prof. W. M. Sloane's memories of "Von Moltke's View of Washington's Strategy," "Charles Winthrop Bowen's record of "A French Officer with Washington and Rochambeau," and the narrative of "The Washington-Craigie-Louffell House." Bishop Potter's description of the resting-places of an English ancestor of our own Washington will carry the reader to a picturesque bit of English country and back to an unfamiliar chapter of history. Professor Sloane has interesting memories of a meeting with Von Moltke in which he dwelt at length and with deep feeling upon Washington's pre-eminent qualities as a soldier. Mr. Bowen's article consists of several pages of valuable and interesting extracts from sketches and papers kept by an aide to Count Rochambeau and other French officers while in this country during the War for Independence.

Generosity.

Rebecca, aged 5, who claimed a handsome, heavily bearded young man—a neighbor—for a sweetheart, was asked by a young lady if she would not give her a claim also on the young man.

"No," said Rebecca, positively; "I want him all to myself."

"But won't you give me a part of him—just a little bit?" pleaded the young lady.

"You see I haven't any sweetheart."

"Well," answered Rebecca deliberately, and somewhat softened by the appeal, "you may have his whiskers."

—*Harpers Weekly.*

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Julius. "Been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?"

"Not exactly," answered his letter huff. "That's a photo taken of you dear, when you had hair."—*Washington Herald.*

Beta Hicks (relating burglar scare)—Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs.

Mrs. Wick's—Mercy! The burglar?

"No, my husband's. He had heard the noise too."—*Boston Transcript.*

She—Will you have one lump or two? He—Do you refer to the sugar or the biscuits?—*N. Y. Sun.*

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. WINDOL'S SOUTHERN SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It is a natural, pure, and wholesome remedy, and is the only one that will relieve the poor little sufferers. It is a natural, pure, and wholesome remedy, and is the only one that will relieve the poor little sufferers. It is a natural, pure, and wholesome remedy, and is the only one that will relieve the poor little sufferers.

Dependent upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach, and cures colds, coughs, and cures the common ailments of children. It is a natural, pure, and wholesome remedy, and is the only one that will relieve the poor little sufferers.

It is the prescription of one of the oldest and best medical physicians and is used in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. The new remedy for Mrs. WINDOL'S SOUTHERN SYRUP.

A "small country seat" is the latest designation of a milking stool.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but it is a weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, and cannot be, for they make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and the husband says so too. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. Try them.

The new room should be as good if not better than the old one.

Will be found an excellent remedy for tick headaches. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

The shelves in the British Museum are said to contain thirty-nine miles of books.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk but truth. Put a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

Yes; support your party if you find time, but support your wife and children first.

It will show that the properties of a perfect compound with other tonics are in a perfect nerve, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

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The Kidney and Bladder.

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